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panied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts
no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE Government has sustained a rather heavy blow in the loss of Midlothian. The constituency has never returned a Tory since Gladstone laid siege to it and, in one of the great episodes in Liberalism, wrested it from the Duke of Buccleugh. Its reversion, therefore, has a certain historic and emotional significance. Not that the Tory victory is in itself a great one, if indeed it is a victory for Toryism at all. Major Hope has a poll of 6,021 votes against Mr. Shaw's 5,989 votes, and a poll for Provost Brown, the Labor candidate, of 2,413. In other words, the Unionist majority of 32 represents a

minority vote of the whole constituency, and only shows a slight increase of 341 votes on its preceding strength. On the other hand, there has been a heavy subtraction of 2,848 votes from the Liberal force, and a diversion of the mass of it into the Labor camp.

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BUT this is not quite the whole story. Even if we add together the Liberal and Labor polls, and suppose that every Labor vote was taken from Liberalism, there would still be a falling-off of over 400 votes in the Progressive poll. There remains, of course, a very considerable majority of Free Trade and Progressive votes, but none the less there have been some hundreds of Liberal abstentions, which have been rendered fatal by the break-off of the miners. The Liberal campaign was fought with great ability, and on an advanced platform, and there is no possible quarrel with the candidate. But the election reveals a certain, though not serious, disintegration of Progressive forces, and a sharp division of them into differing elements and grades of opinion. The event has nothing irremediable about it, if the Liberal headquarters set themselves seriously to work to renew the *entente* with Labor. It will encourage Tory extremists to try and force an election before the benefits of the Insurance Act begin to work. But it shows no movement of public opinion which has not been discounted by the author of the Insurance Act.

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THE country will hear with great surprise that practically the entire force of French battleships is in future to be concentrated in the Mediterranean, instead of being divided between that sea and the Channel and the Atlantic. Next month the six battleships of the third French squadron are to be transferred from Brest to Toulon, giving the French Admiral a force of eighteen battleships, including the new Dreadnoughts, and six cruisers. The "Temps," the organ of the French Foreign Office, obligingly explains this movement as part of a combined arrangement, under which Russia holds the Baltic and prevents the whole German Fleet from concentrating in the North Sea; we pen it up in that waterway, and, in conjunction with France, close the Channel, and bar the passage between England and Norway; while France "deals" with the "extreme left wing" of the German Fleet—i.e., the Austrian and Italian squadrons. A more open and offensive statement of the naval side of the policy of "penning in" Germany could hardly be conceived. It points to a virtual naval alliance between France and ourselves, with Russia as a third (and slippery) partner. It seems to make an Anglo-German *rapprochement* impossible, and to open up a fresh and indefinite war of building programmes and counter-programmes.

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Who authorised this policy? When our ships were re-transferred to the Mediterranean, a naval alliance, under which the ward of the Mediterranean was virtually surrendered to France, was implicitly denied. If it had been confessed, the shifting of forces would

have been clearly seen to be superfluous. But also, we suppose, a most dangerous development in the *entente* must have been declared. Is this what the Government desired to conceal? And is it not a fact that the Cabinet considered and rejected just such a relationship with France as this re-arrangement of the French Navy implies? We have never known the country so played with since the days of Lord Beaconsfield, nor in so perilous a policy.

* * *

MR. CHURCHILL's first speech in Dundee was, in the main, a vigorous affirmation of the success of the Insurance Act, and a brilliant tribute to its social usefulness. Its tone was good-tempered and bold, and its literary skill remarkable. The Insurance Act was "irrevocable" because it was "indispensable," for without it the great voluntary organisations would gradually have perished. In the past the "cruel debt of sickness" had been paid by the mass of the working classes, but paid in the most wasteful manner, with little return, and often in the ruin of thousands of small households. As to the working of the Act, its permanency was now beyond question. No class, except the farmers, even wished to stand out. The attempts of organised resistance had broken down, and the inciters to revolt were "quietly stamping their servants' cards." The work was done, and well done, and with it had gone on the rapid development of the Labor Exchanges, which, in their third year, could find situations for more than one million persons, and were even now finding work for between fifteen hundred and two thousand people outside their own districts.

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MR. CHURCHILL gave a very impressive picture of the mere mass and weight of the machinery of the Insurance Act. On the night on which he spoke, he said, a hundred million stamps had been purchased, while twenty thousand societies and their branches had prepared themselves for agencies under the Act. He continued:—

"About 12,000,000 insured persons, six weeks before the date by which they are required to choose, have already made their definite choice of an approved society—that is to say, between twelve and thirteen million cards are being regularly stamped each week as it goes by, and between twelve and thirteen million insurance policies are now alive and in working order. Friendly societies, instead of being injured by the Act, have had a more rapid accession of new members than ever before in their history. Between two and three millions of money have been paid into the National Insurance funds, and its vast income, apart from unemployed insurance, of upwards of twenty-five millions a year, is flowing in, and rising high like rivers in flood-time."

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In his second speech, Mr. Churchill started a very lively hare, which will give a brisk run for the critics. He outlined a plan of Federal Home Rule for the four kingdoms, under which the Imperial Parliament would be relieved by Irish, Welsh, and Scottish assemblies, while England would be divided into provincial legislatures—ten or twelve if necessary—each representing well-marked divisions of the country. Thus, Lancashire would have one such body, Yorkshire another, the Midlands a third, London a fourth. Mr. Churchill has artfully chosen the districts that seem best to lend themselves to his plan, but the "Manchester Guardian" shows that Lancashire has no such structural or industrial unity as Mr. Churchill suggests, and tells Liverpool pertly that it ought to be the capital of Wales. We await Liverpool's retort. But there is substance in Mr. Churchill's suggestion. What

is really wanted is the federation of County Councils for specific purposes—such as housing. If the Local Government Board had been up to its work, we should long ago have had a Bill on these lines of devolution and association.

* * *

ON Monday, the Admiralty issued a series of papers instituting important changes at Whitehall, and improvements in the system of naval discipline. The administrative reforms had been already explained in Mr. Churchill's statement last spring. The position of the First Lord, as representing Parliament, of course, remains unaltered, as in the main do the duties of the First Sea Lord (responsible for the organisation for war and the distribution of the fleet), the Second Sea Lord (responsible for the provision and training and discipline of officers and men), and the Fourth Sea Lord (responsible for transport, stores, and pay). But the Third Sea Lord is relieved of his rather chaotic duties as "Controller of the Navy," and will concentrate upon the designs and equipment of ships, machinery, guns, aeroplanes, &c. The buying, selling, contracts, and other business concerns of the Admiralty now chiefly fall to an Additional Civil Lord, in the person of Sir Francis Hopwood, who becomes a member of the Financial Committee also.

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THE reforms in the matter of discipline will be heartily welcomed. First and foremost, the punishment known as "10A," from its number in the regulations, is abolished, and a grown man will no longer be set to stand like a child put in a corner, "watching the flies on the paint," as the phrase goes. The substituted punishments will consist of stoppage of grog, turning out half-an-hour earlier in the morning, frequent muster, and various spells of work or drill. Among other improvements we notice that men on leave will be allowed to come back to the ship to sleep, that one return drunk from leave will not lose a man a good-conduct badge, that only the higher officers may impose serious punishments, that appeals against supposed injustice will be made to the captain, and from him, if necessary, to a higher authority, without the employment of "sea lawyers," that money-lending at interest is forbidden, and that the powers of the ship's police are restricted. These reforms are in accordance with the recommendations of a committee presided over by Rear-Admiral Brock.

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THE Chinese Government has cleverly stolen a march upon the international banking group known as the Six Nations Syndicate. It has successfully arranged an independent loan of £10,000,000 from "an important joint stock bank in London," with which are said to be associated certain French, German, and American financial houses. The Six Nations Syndicate has protested, but, under the circumstances, the protest has a ludicrous side. Originally, four banking groups—British, French, German, and American—proposed a loan of £60,000,000, which would have put China on her feet, though on terms which meant financial subjection. Then Russia and Japan insisted on coming in, though neither have a penny to lend, being half-bankrupt themselves, and laid down further conditions, which meant the surrender of Manchuria and Mongolia. The British, French, German, and American members of the Syndicate, who were out for money only and not politics, did not like this, but they were over-ruled by the diplomatists. Now, China has gone behind their backs and has made a purely business arrangement, which ought to carry her on for a year or two.

GREAT BRITAIN is traditionally the country of political asylum, but our Foreign Office delights to break with every tradition of freedom. The most distressing feature of the week's foreign policy is the demand that has been made on Switzerland for the extradition of Farid Bey, the President of the Egyptian Nationalists, now a refugee at Geneva, who was condemned six months ago by a packed jury in Cairo for a speech attacking the Egyptian authorities. In a powerful letter to the "Daily News and Leader" Mr. W. Scawen Blunt quotes Wordsworth's great sonnet:—

"Two voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice,"

and continues:—

"It is surely a startling collocation of memories to find the elder sister of the two free nations, thus nobly praised by Wordsworth, seeking to debauch the other to so despicable a betrayal of a third and yet younger nation's rights."

* * *

SIR E. GREY, we believe, is an ardent Wordsworthian; Mr. Blunt's letter should at least be piquant reading to him, however painful it is to British Liberals, who will, we hope, petition the Swiss Government in force *not* to surrender Farid Bey. Meanwhile Sheikh Shawish, another Nationalist leader, has been complacently handed over to the Egyptian police by the Turkish Government, without trial, and on an unspecified charge. The Constantinople correspondent of the "Morning Post" rightly points out that there is another side to this proceeding.

"The Egyptian Government has hitherto refused to hand over political offenders to the Turkish Government, and before the revival of the Constitution great numbers of Young Turks took refuge in Egypt, where they were not molested."

The "Jeune Turc," of Constantinople, drives the matter home to British Liberals when it says:—

"It is not by such proceedings that we shall ever gain the sympathy of Great Britain and particularly of British public opinion. The English well knew the meaning of the words "honor" and "hospitality"; they afford shelter to the revolutionaries of the entire world, and never in the history of England has any Government given up a political refugee."

Certainly, this used to be our tradition. It is reserved for a Liberal Government to destroy it.

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COLONEL MANGIN has rescued the French prisoners at Marrakesh, if, indeed, they were prisoners at all and needed rescuing, and will remain there, if he can. If he cannot, his instructions are to retire. In order to guard against surprises and to facilitate a retreat, the "relief" column has been ordered not to occupy the town itself, but to encamp on a neighboring eminence. El Heiba, the Pretender, has quietly withdrawn into the Atlas Range to the south of Marrakesh, and will doubtless reappear when the occasion serves. He has been joined by Kaid Aufus and a contingent from Mogador. The question now arises whether France is to proceed to the conquest of Southern Morocco, a formidable task, before which the Paris Government naturally hesitates.

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THE war fever has somewhat abated in Bulgaria, thanks largely to the calmness of Tsar Ferdinand and his Government. Austria-Hungary and Russia have both brought pressure to bear, and Austria is said to have accompanied representations with an unmistakable threat. Other factors for peace are the unpreparedness

of the Bulgarian army, the approach of winter, which would make a mountain campaign extremely severe, financial stress, and the fact that Turkey has now 250,000 men within striking distance. Tsar Ferdinand is extraordinarily shrewd, and no doubt realises, as the French press points out, that defeat might cost him his crown. There have been the usual frontier incidents, and another provocative bomb-outrage in Macedonia, which killed and wounded over 100 Mohammedans. Both Constantinople and Sofia are keeping the situation fairly well in hand. The danger is from the unforeseen.

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FOUR officers, attached to the Royal Flying Corps and taking part in the manoeuvres, have met their deaths this week—the first two in a fall from a monoplane near Hitchin, the second couple from a similar machine near Oxford. The accidents closely resembled each other. In both cases, the monoplane seemed to crumple up in the middle of a vol-plané, suggesting a sudden collapse of the framework. The aviators were skilled and experienced—especially Lieutenant Hotchkiss—and the weather was not bad. This frightful loss has given pause even to the fanatics of aviation, and has suggested a reversion either to the safer bi-plane—to which the wonderful French military flyers have been driven—or to the air-ship.

* * *

PROFESSOR SCHAFER'S restatement of scientific materialism was followed, on Tuesday, by a lively encounter between his supporters and the "vitalist" minority. On the whole, the materialist view appeared to have the strongest hold on the Association. Professor Minchin suggested a variant of Dr. Schäfer's theory, and thought that "chromatin" was the original basis of life. Mr. Harold Wager preferred to find it in the "cytoplasm of the extended parts of the cell." Professor MacCallum thought that the primitive organism was in size "one two-hundredth of a micron," while Dr. Chalmers Mitchell was quite sure that chemistry would one day produce life. On the other side, Dr. Haldane suggested that the molecule possessed a life of its own, and Professor Moore also pleaded for "a soul in the living organism." Professor Hartog thought that an organism could never be explained by the play of natural forces alone, and Professor Geddes, summing up this elaborate word-play, deplored, with Professor Moore, the scientific neglect of philosophy and psychology.

* * *

THE "Times'" latest report on the state of the crops, which is dated September 1st, reveals something like a *débâcle* of British agriculture. Some of its correspondents practically relate a total loss. Thus, a writer from Herefordshire supplies the following summary:—"Wheat nil, under water; barley practically ditto; oats worse than bad; grass 120, but no good." Generally speaking, the worst reports come from the Eastern, Midland, Southern, and South-Western Counties. But Cheshire, Durham, Yorkshire, and Scotland share in the general ruin from rain. In addition to the sprouting of the wheat and the discoloring of the barley, the chief elements of disaster are the spread of potato disease, the partial destruction of the pea crop, and the deterioration of the oats. The wheat crop, says the "Times," "is the worst so far as our records extend." Grass is, of course, superabundant, but it is described as "yellow in color, soft, washy, and unwholesome." Roots are good, but unfortunately there are no fresh Irish "stores" to eat them.

Politics and Affairs.

SOME MORALS FROM MIDLOTHIAN.

It will, we think, be unwise of Liberals to minimise the misfortune of the Midlothian election. We say "misfortune," for Midlothian is historic ground, and it is a great thing for the Tory Party to capture a famous shrine of Liberalism. A blow of this character possesses a certain resonance and force beyond what the loss of an average seat can convey. When men see Gladstone's old constituency in the hands of a Unionist, they may conclude that things are going ill with a Liberal Government. And when they find Labor and Liberalism still unreconciled, they may feel that the strength of the Coalition is being undermined, and that its polity, if not its ideas, are seriously threatened. Moreover, that form of politics which feeds on the unreal and the sensational will find welcome sustenance in this event. The new game of violence in Toryism is to force a Dissolution of Parliament in November, or in the interval before the benefits of the Insurance Act begin to flow. Midlothian may convince it that the country will watch this ignoble tactic with approval, or at all events with indifference. For the circumstances of the hour are peculiar. The Government has not merely to live from Session to Session. It has to secure and maintain a kind of mandate in advance for two full years of legislation, devoted, as it happens, to fiercely contested measures. It must, therefore, depend to a peculiar degree on moral force, and it is impossible to argue that a divided or a weakening party, subject to continual checks in the constituencies, can sustain so keen and so prolonged an ordeal with composure.

If, therefore, Midlothian were a clear vote of "No Confidence" in the Government and its works, the Prime Minister might fairly conclude that he and his colleagues had received at least a preliminary notice to quit. But is that the case? We may not be entitled to assume that every Labor vote was subtracted from the Liberal strength, but we have every right to reckon Mr. Brown's supporters as Home Rulers, and to conclude that Midlothian remains true to the first article of the Gladstonian faith. It was the good fortune of the Government that its foreign policy was not submitted to the electorate, and if any voters in the three parties to the contest either understood or approved it, they were to be found among Major Hope's supporters rather than among Mr. Shaw's or Mr. Brown's. But neither was the Opposition's grand alternative of Tariff Reform a subject of real controversy in the contest. The result, said Major Hope, could not be claimed as a victory for Protection. What, then, is it claimed for? For an unspecified amendment of the Insurance Act, which can only, we imagine, qualify its contributory side, and therefore impart to it a less, rather than a more, conservative character. How can this short-range strategy be swollen so as to make the petty annoyances in which it deals take the dimensions of a great political land-slide? The Tory poll has been enlarged by some three or four hundred votes. What a victory! A few score people have been badgered into

voting anti-Liberal as a protest against the non-British habit of stamp-licking. In a few months the habit will be fixed. In two years the Act will be almost as customary a part of the national life as birth and marriage. What political issue arises here?

But this is far from saying that the moral of Midlothian is that there is no moral at all, and that the parties can proceed as if nothing in particular had happened. The Government cannot go on submitting one-half of its policy to the electors, and fighting in the constituencies one of the forces on which it depends to save it from defeat in the House of Commons; while with regard to the other half it acts in violent contrast to the views of its best friends, and to every famous tradition and watchword of Liberalism. And the Labor Party cannot afford to slip back into old exploded anti-Liberal tactics. There was much excuse for its action in Midlothian. The late Whip of the Liberal Party suggested Mr. Brown's candidature, and pressed it on the Liberal Association. But the consequence of the two candidatures was that Mr. Shaw's advanced views and his vigorous exposition of them left the great Labor interest with barely a link with practical politics. We can understand revolutionary Socialism as a creed and a banner for Labor. We can understand the strong Liberal affinities of the earlier trade unionists. But we cannot understand a Labor candidate intervening in a fierce party battle chiefly as a critic of land reform. This is a new reading of Labor politics, and we should have thought that its lesson might be conveyed in the series of polls that record the very meagre attraction of the new departure. If the present Labor Party are to be divorced, not merely from Liberal support and Radical ideas, but from large imminent movements in politics, it is clear that they will take no commanding part in shaping the future of our State. The Labor Party did not come into being to save the country gentlemen, or to speed an average Tory and Protectionist reaction. Obviously, the two sections of the Progressive army weaken each other in their present division, not merely as mechanical forces, but as helpers in the march of democratic ideas. If the Labor Party are tired of progress, they can assist the slackness of the hour, and embarrass the Government, not where it has done little or done badly, but where it has done well. But we should have thought that what the Government wanted was a spur, rather than a stone in the path, and that Labor might find its account, not in disconcerting and enfeebling the development of Liberalism, but in making it real over the whole field of politics.

But, indeed, the Midlothian election reveals a certain unreality in the entire political sphere. If Laborism hardly touched the imagination of the idealist, or impinged with any force on immediate issues, the Tory Party was just as much at war with its traditions. The Insurance Act is, on the whole, a conservative force in the social structure. To begin with, as Mr. Churchill said at Dundee, it conserves the friendly societies, who represent an unpolitical, perhaps even an anti-progressive or very cautious, element in our workpeople. But it also supplies a fresh tie of common interest and friendly association between the mass of employers and their em-

ployed. It is a product of the paternal democracy which Bismarck conceived as an alternative to Socialism, even though it takes over some Socialist tendencies and forms of thought. It is, therefore, a very poor and short-sighted kind of Conservative politician who thus cuts away from his party, not merely the advantage of helping the Act and associating Conservatism with its success, but the strength and credit it brings to the existing social order. Midlothian thus exhibits a confusion of boundaries, common to all the parties that disputed the favor of Gladstone's old constituency. Liberalism could only occupy half its old ground of appeal. It could not preach anti-Gladstonianism in the Mecca of the Gladstonian tradition. Labor seems unable to hit a plain nail on the head, and loth to set up any definite standard outside the familiar field of trade union interests. And Conservatism merely competes with Liberalism as a party of change, even of violent and disorderly change. Stability does not lie in a society where the lines of political difference seem so lightly and even perversely drawn; we can only hope that when Liberal and Radical enthusiasm awakes, as awake it will, it will bring with it some reviving breath of moral energy.

THE SPENDING OF THE NEW REVENUE.

THE stern renunciation of Mr. George and all his works by the great ones of the land is made humorously intelligible by a letter, written by the Hon. Irene Lawley, to the tenants of the Escrick Park Estate, near York, recently bequeathed to her by her father, the late Lord Wenlock. In this letter she explains how the heavy death duties have obliged her to relinquish her intention of living on the estate. So large is the inheritance, that she is obliged to pay in death duties a sum of about £61,000, within the period of eight years permitted for payment by instalments. "All that it is possible immediately to realise by sale of property" is £20,000, so that the estate is charged with an annual payment of £5,000. Now, the house requires an expenditure of £10,000 a year "to maintain it." It might appear that the capital value represented by so large a sum in death duties would certainly produce an income of at least £15,000. But Miss Lawley points out that this is not the case. A very large part of the estate produces no money income, but involves a net expenditure—to wit, "the house, garden, park, and extensive woods." Another part—consisting in plate, jewellery, pictures, furniture—is also unproductive of current income, and "everyone who has practical experience of land knows that the landlord's share of the profits of agriculture is necessarily a very small percentage." In a terse summary of her woes, she says that "the source of injustice lies in regarding the sum total valued for probate of the property bequeathed as capital, capable of paying interest on the whole of it, and calculating income on a percentage of the capital; whereas a considerable part of such property is a source of expense to the owner—not of revenue." And she draws the following moral: "It seems to me that a tax which takes all of my income, and turns me out of my house, is confiscation rather than taxation."

Now, a good deal of the "hardness" of this case depends upon ignoring certain non-pecuniary elements of income. If a rich man chooses to invest his money, or a large part of it, in forms of wealth which afford him satisfaction, not in terms of cash, but in grandeur, pleasure, taste, and social consideration, he has really no right to complain if a large proportion of his money-income goes in taxes, seeing that this other non-monetary income goes untaxed. The death duties expressly contemplate such a contingency, by providing, not merely for payment in instalments, but for payment in kind where landed property is in question. If Miss Lawley were willing to sacrifice a larger portion of the capital-value of the estate to meet the claims of the State, we venture to think that she would find it "possible" to realise a larger sum than £20,000. But it must be admitted that there may be instances where so large a proportion of the available resources have been locked up in forms of wealth which pay no money-income as to preclude the heir from living on the family estate in the expensive traditional ways. Now, there are very few persons so empty of all regard for the beauties and amenities of country life that they would desire the ruthless, wholesale conversion of all parks and great residential estates into small holdings and industrial villages. But, on the other hand, the accumulation of land into larger estates, applied to private purposes of social state and of sport, is a grave and growing injury to the agriculture of the country, and to the liberties and opportunities of our country population. A process of taxation which induces or compels the break-up of large estates, with houses requiring £10,000 a year to maintain them, is an aid to the well-being of the nation. It is not to be desired that many persons should be able to spend £10,000 a year upon "contented and well-cared-for house servants," and "many families of gardeners, woodmen, and various workmen," the net product of whose labor consists in providing the luxuries and splendors of a single noble family. The material and even the social aspects of this feudal status may have agreeable and even beneficial qualities. But the net effect is to maintain conditions of dependence and stagnation, economic as well as moral, which are out of harmony with modern civilisation.

But it would be idle to deny that there are many whose wrath against the fiscal iniquities of Mr. George is not confined to the charge of confiscation which they bring against the new taxation. All taxes are, in a certain sense, confiscation. Even those who hold with us the doctrine that a large and increasing share of "unearned" incomes of every sort belongs to the State as the representative of the nation, will readily admit that the application of this doctrine must be tempered by considerations of the good use which the State shall make of this revenue. Economic theorists may urge that the State is entitled to collect by taxation the largest income it can safely get, and then consider how best to expend it. But all practical politicians know that this way lie corruption, waste, and extravagance. Indeed, it can scarcely be denied that the disclosures of the rich new sources of revenue made by Sir William Harcourt's first experiment in progressive death duties, and the more recent experiments in

graduated income tax, bring certain dangers along with their advantages. The real warranty for this "confiscation" is that a growing public income is needed for sound social expenditure on services which strengthen, educate, raise the nation. Some of the new revenue goes in such services, but it is a very disconcerting symptom that the larger pull upon these new resources has been made by the destructive, not the constructive, services of the State. If the net effect of the new public finance is to turn Miss Lawley and other inheritors of great wealth out of their ancestral estates, to break up the landed aristocracy of England, to sell them up and invest the proceeds, not in the economic, intellectual, and spiritual development of the people, but in an extravagance of armament which transfers the rents of territorial landlords to shareholders in Armstrongs and Maxims, converts the stately houses of England into super-Dreadnoughts, and substitutes squadrons of armed and drilled war-counters for the gardeners, woodmen, and servants of country houses—if this is what the new finance pre-eminently signifies, we think Miss Lawley will have much sympathy in her complaints, not only from members of her own order, but from those who view with growing concern the process of converting unearned private income into mis-spent public income. Private extravagances are less injurious than public, for, whereas the former corrupt a part, the latter corrupt the whole of the body politic. But it must not be forgotten that the persons loudest in their approval of this mis-spending are those who grumble most at the finance which makes it possible.

THE NEW COMBINATION AGAINST THE TURKS.

DURING the week, the indignation against the Turkish Government, or rather against the Turks themselves, has almost reached the point of war. Nor can we wonder at it. Not only have the incitements to rage rapidly accumulated, but the opportunity for deliverance, or at least for vengeance, is such as may not come again. The dominant race in Turkey is divided against itself. The party to which all looked for reform and renewal now lies defeated and discredited. Nearly all the hopes so confidently built upon it have been disappointed, and the world has learnt, in many quarters with genuine regret, that Young Turk was little better than Old Turk spelt large. The present Government is made up of elderly and well-intentioned men, whose one hope is, by compromise and concession, to keep the Empire just hanging together, on the chance that the old tradition of Turkey's survival may once more be maintained. But such a Government can inspire little confidence. It has no vitality, no outlook, no inspiring line of future policy.

And upon this weakness and hopelessness, a swarm of enemies are pressing in from every side. We do not refer to the war which has dragged wearily on for nearly a year past. That has not meant much damage for Turkey proper. If, as Italy threatens, vigorous measures will be taken under new generalship next month, still the effect will hardly be felt in Constantinople; or if

the secret negotiations in Switzerland come to anything, the town and coast of Tripoli may be lost, Italy may stick to Rhodes out of sentiment, and to Astropalia as a superb harbor and coaling station; but Europe appears to be content to allow the remaining Greek islands now occupied by Italy to be handed back to Turkish vengeance. In any case, the authorities in the Porte will notice very little difference in the result. But the immediate question is of another nature altogether, and far more pressing. It is a question literally of life and death, for it is the question whether the Bulgarian Ministry, under M. Gueshoff, no matter how peaceful its desires may be, can restrain the cry of the Bulgarian population for war. And when it comes to a question of war, Bulgaria is the State that counts first in the Balkans.

We have no sympathy with Bulgarian bands who fling bombs about in Macedonia in order to ensure a Turkish massacre, and so to stimulate King Ferdinand to action. But criminal as the provocation may have been, the massacre at Kochana was carried out with nothing less than the usual Turkish savagery; it proved that the Turk had not changed his skin; the victims were Bulgarians, and there are plenty of Bulgarians now living under a just and national government who remember Batak and the meaning of Turkish massacres. This week, the constant firing of Turkish patrols across the frontier, and the killing of two Bulgarian sentries have increased the indignation. We can well imagine the citizens of Sofia asking what is the good of keeping up the best drilled and equipped army in the Balkans—an army of at least 250,000 excellent troops, with a further reserve of at least another 100,000 men, and over 400 first-rate guns—if no effort is ever to be made to deliver their Macedonian compatriots.

"Now," they might well say, "the great opportunity has come at last. Servia, our old enemy, but now believed to be our friend, has seen Servians in the part of a Turkish Vilayet still bearing the name of the Old Servian Empire treated with almost equal ferocity as our kinsmen at Kochana, and Servia could put nearly 200,000 men into the field. Montenegro, the heroic descendant of the Servians that escaped the slaughter at Kossovo, has seen Montenegrins and Servians butchered and mutilated worse than cattle at Berani, and even now the Turkish regulars fire continually into Montenegrin houses across the frontier, killing daily. Already little Montenegro, with her 50,000 men, would have struck the blow, had not Austria, or Russia, or both, violently restrained her. Albania is, for the moment, appeased with promises, but insurrection in Albania never ceases, and the Catholic Malissori of the North-West mountains, at all events, can invariably be counted upon when Turks are to be shot. Then there is Greece, another old enemy, but believed now to be reconciled by hatred of the common oppressor. The Greek army has, this year, been rapidly reorganised. In that, as in other things, Venizelos has shown his strength. It is believed that Greece also could now muster nearly 200,000 decent troops, and the war-fever runs high in Athens. Only Roumania remains uncertain—powerful, undoubtedly, with more than 300,000 excellent soldiers, it is said—the largest

army in the Peninsula next to Turkey's own—a very awkward foe to have upon our rear when we advance, if the supposed agreement between Roumania and Turkey really exists. But, perhaps, we could buy Roumania off with a present of that slip of territory north of Varna, on the Black Sea, that she has been desiring for thirty-five years."

So we can well imagine the people of Sofia to argue, and it may be difficult for the most peaceful Ministry to meet such an appeal. The divisions of the enemy, the combination of his foes, the general unrest of Europe, have united to create the opportunity for war, though the lateness of the season may again postpone it. Under stress of national feeling, M. Gueshoff's Government is believed to have sent the Porte a demand for "regional autonomy" in Macedonia under a European Christian Governor, supported by a militia with officers appointed by the Balkan States. The Sofia correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian" describes this demand as "almost an ultimatum." Certainly, it has the tone of one, and its terms recall the old demands that used to be made upon Abdul Hamid when Macedonia was suffering under him nine years ago. But the present Turkish Government has already rejected beforehand all suggestions of outside interference in Turkish affairs. That was their reply to Count Berchtold's proposal for a Congress to discuss gradual decentralisation. Having rejected Austria, it is hardly likely they will accept a still more drastic Bulgarian demand. All they have done under the obvious pressure of the situation is to promise an extension to the whole Empire of the promises with which they bought off the Albanians. But we doubt if any but Albanian Moslems would give a halfpenny for such promises, for the worst of Turkish promises is that they can never be fulfilled.

The meeting of Count Berchtold with the German Chancellor at Buchlau sheds no illumination upon the future. The official announcement merely states that the meeting resulted in complete agreement upon a policy, but no hint as to the policy itself was given. One remembers that when Count Aehrenthal and M. Isvolsky met four years ago, they made a similar announcement about the policy of Austria and Russia, and Austria's annexation of Bosnia followed at once. Is the present agreement the preliminary to another grab—say the Sandjak and the concession of the Salonika railway at last? Or is the Congress designed to avoid solution once more, allowing the subject races under the Turk to stew yet a while longer in their misery, until the Great Powers are ready to apportion his bone to every dog among them? Or are Bulgaria, Montenegro, and the rest to be allowed to advance on the terms "Sic vos non vobis," the Powers behind them reserving for themselves the main spoils of victory? In any case, in spite of the Turk's long habit of surviving, this year is one of the worst he has seen.

THE PARADOX OF THE YEAR.

AUGUST, among its other vagaries, has presented us with an economic paradox very startling and very instructive, which proves by a sharp contrast of contradictory figures

that our economic world has turned topsy-turvy, and that the homely truths of a hundred, or even of fifty years ago, are now falsities. It is a paradox and an antithesis from which even those who dwell in the mists of Tariff Reform may learn to see through fiction into the realms of reality. August has been the most disastrous month which English agriculture has known for many long years. In many districts hay and corn lie totally ruined, and in others the value of the crops was reduced by one-half. Luckless farmers who started the year in difficulties may, we are afraid, end it in the Bankruptcy Court. One expert has calculated, or rather guessed, that the pecuniary losses caused by the rains and floods of this month in England alone will run up to seven millions sterling. What would have happened as a result of such a harvest in the "Hungry 'Forties"! The laborer would have lived on the edge of starvation for the next twelve months. The price of wheat would have run up from forty or fifty to seventy or eighty shillings a quarter. Merchants and manufacturers would have drawn the obvious conclusion. The purchasing power of the people in regard to clothing and all the secondary necessities was bound to be enormously reduced. All that the poor could hope to do would be to provide themselves with enough food to keep body and soul together. Obviously, the workhouses would fill rapidly, and the poor rates would rise in proportion. As the demand for such staple products as woollen and cotton goods fell, employment in the manufacturing districts would rapidly decline; mills would close, and the condition of the operatives in the towns would become even worse than that of the agricultural laborers in the country. They, poor fellows, could at least follow the prescription of the rural dean, who advised them, if they felt hungry, to try turnips and mangel-wurzel. This is no fancy picture; history records several years of the sort in days when our grandfathers and great grandfathers enjoyed the blessings of a protective tariff. One other important consequence may be mentioned. It was a maxim of the wool trade in those times, that when corn was dear, wool would be cheap; for a bad harvest meant bad trade, and a greatly diminishing demand for clothing meant that the manufacturers would require less raw material. In fact, we have heard of a veteran wool expert declaring the other day that such an August as this would, even fifty years ago, have caused a fall of at least twopence a pound in the price of wool.

Now let us turn from the reports of the Board of Agriculture to the reports of the Board of Trade. "Seldom," writes the "Scotsman," one of the most inconsequent of the advocates of Tariff Reform, "have statistics more gratifying been published than those to hand in the Trade and Navigation Returns for the United Kingdom for August, issued on Saturday by the Board of Trade. As compared with August, 1911, the figures are up by no less than £20,000,000; the exact increase being imports £9,138,000, exports £11,004,000." It is true that, last August, the figures were reduced by the railway strike, but even compared with August, 1910 (which was a very good month), there is an increase of over 7½ millions in imports, of over 5 millions in British

exports, and of nearly 2 millions in re-exports. The imports, it may be added, are higher than in any of the five summer months in the last three years, and the exports of British products and manufactures are higher than in any recorded month in all our experience. They stand at £43,778,000, the previous record having been £43,546,000 last October. We believe it is also true that the total figures of our trade have never been exceeded in any previous month in our commercial history. To complete this wonderful paradox, it may be added that the "Economist" index number for August showed a general fall in the price of foodstuffs, and a general rise in commercial and industrial products, a condition which is exceptionally satisfactory for our trade. It is very hard upon those of our farmers who grow corn, that food should be so cheap when they have so little to sell; but from the standpoint of the community as a whole, including, of course, the agricultural laborers and the whole of the working classes, and, of course, all our merchants and manufacturers, it is matter for rejoicing that (in spite of the misfortunes of our own agriculturists) the world's crops are so good, that the price of wheat is less likely to rise than to fall if the harvests of North America, India, and Australia come up to expectations. The broad truth certainly is that a failure of the world's crops would now be far more disastrous to the comfort, wealth, and prosperity of Great Britain, than a failure of our own. For a failure of the world's harvest would mean famine prices for food, a great reduction in home purchases of manufactured goods, and a greater still in the purchasing power of our foreign customers. In fact, a shortage of the world's crops would be at least as disastrous to Great Britain in the year 1912 as a shortage of the home crops a century ago. This is the result of our vast industrial and shipping expansion which has been made possible by three things—Free Trade, steam transit, and the countless mechanical inventions of which British enterprise, capital, and industry have been able to take the fullest advantage.

THE NEW MIDLOTHIAN.

BEFORE the result of the Midlothian contest was known, a revealing glimpse of its potentialities had been conveyed by a Unionist writer who, with no trace of irony in his accents, noted the survival in the constituency of people who had not forgotten Gladstone. To onlookers from afar this must have seemed an extreme, not to say a crazy, application of the reproach of *Rip Van Winkleism*. If Gladstone's first coming to Midlothian was as long ago as 1880, yet he did not cease to be member till 1895, a date within the personal recollection of the youngest of existing electors. Why, after all, should Gladstone *not* be remembered after seventeen years, and by almost every individual voter in his old constituency? And so he is, but with a difference. It was the older men who in the late fight hailed every conjuration of the Achillean shade with fond, passionate cries of "Guid Auld Wullie!" and they, too, who reserved their most swelling cheers for the famous Gladstonian themes, above all, for the thrice-consecrated cause of Ireland. Yet side by side with this pious attachment to a great memory was to be discerned the influence of a new and more eager spirit which, in reaching forward

towards other goals, might conceivably be apt to seek inspiration from a fresh leadership as well as from different ideals and loyalties, even to the detriment of normal party ties. Here, no doubt, lay the clue to the mental standpoint from which, even in one of its holy places, it had become possible to view Gladstonianism as merely the cult of a few surviving devotees. "Guid Auld Wullie!" cried the Old Guard of 1892-5, raising voices which, if medieval, were still strenuous enough to be heard above the din of modern strife—a veritable clanjam fray, as the Scots call it, of single tax, minimum wage, insurance, and land values. And so down in the note-book of the commentator goes the curious fact that Elijah is not yet forgotten, and that to the electoral credit of the latest Elisha must be placed the incalculable asset of an old-fashioned sentiment.

Even so, it was apparent from the first that sentiment was to play a minor part in the issue of the contest. Nobody who, like the present writer, had known the Midlothian of the old days, could fail to be struck by the contrast. In every phase of politics, the traditions of an earlier epoch were being constantly challenged by the new generation. Obviously it was not to be expected that the enthusiasms and raptures of 1880 could be re-captured or re-enacted, or even that the milder rivalries of 1892 should be equalled in mere personal interest. "You have no Gladstone to stir you up now," sympathised a Liberal, talking to a voter of unknown politics. "No, nor a Don Wauchope to shake *you* up," came the enlightening response, emphasised by a wave of the hand towards a portrait of that ill-fated soldier-politician. But even with no Gladstone to stir things up, and no Don Wauchope to storm the fortress single-handed, one might have expected Midlothian of all places to hoist its fighting colors. Not a bit of it. Up to the last the prophets had to confess that their vision was obscured—that something like a mist hung over the situation. Perhaps it is the possession of the vote that has made the difference. In 1880 Midlothian was mostly voteless, but it wrought its democratic will none the less surely by mobilising itself into an army of living voices—an army which rested neither night nor day till its unquenchable ardor had kindled a like zeal in the breasts of the privileged. To-day, in its elections the constituency is a pattern of reticence. Canvassers called at cottages only to be lectured by the scandalised inmates on the purpose and penalties of the Ballot Act. Formerly the popular candidate drove to his rallying points under triumphal arches by day, and in the far-spreading illumination of bonfires by night, whereas to-day—well, to-day, or rather the other day, there would seem to have been no popular candidate, for even the tell-tale bit of ribbon was to be seen only in the shop windows, and then in the blazing impartiality of as many colors as candidates. Not only so, but in the hands of this shy electorate the very meetings tended to become an instrument of perplexity. Generally, the vote of confidence in the particular candidate who had been speaking would be carried, but frequently a third of the audience took no part in the voting. On the other hand, the heckling was enlivened by refreshing bursts of candor. "You are such a perfect gentleman," observed one heckler, praising Major Hope to his face with rather more than Caledonian grace, "that I would like fine to vote for you; only"—with a despairing gesture—"you are such a Tory!"

Stranger still to the veteran with the 1880 mind, or even, it might be, to the comparative stripling whose political memory dates from 1892, was the contrast between the confident stride of the modern Liberal campaign and the reserves and hesitations of the cautious Gladstonian movement—the fiery revolution of its own day! Of only one of the old causes could it be said that retrogression was to be noted. So far as Scotland is concerned, disestablishment would seem to be a waning beacon. Twenty years ago some hundreds of votes were probably lost to Mr. Gladstone in his last election by his temporising attitude on the question of Scottish disestablishment, yet to-day his old supporters, while they will listen sympathetically to the case for disestablishment in Wales, are content, in the altered and always

unique conditions in Scotland, to see the once burning issue of their own sectarian relations either passed over in silence or dealt with perfunctorily by question and answer. Here was an apparent justification of the Gladstonian curb. Very different has been the fate of the same curb in its application to the industrial movement. One remembers how in 1892, after the heroic old fighter had thought to have closed his final campaign, and was taking a brief respite at Dalmeny, word was brought to him that the miners were in an eleventh-hour revolt against his qualms over the Eight Hours Bill, and how at the last moment the call again went forth to boot and saddle, and met with a response which, although gallant and unflagging, failed nevertheless to prevent a majority of nearly 5,000 toppling down to less than 700. Since that memorable event, it had never been considered quite safe to take the political mind of Midlothian for granted. Now and again, the Liberal majority, sustained by a united Progressive force, would rise to thousands, but at other times, even in a straight fight, it has fallen almost inexplicably to one or two hundred—a clear warning of the loosely won allegiance of the Labor vote. And here, of course, lay the crux of Mr. Shaw's problem. In a dual fight on the old conventional lines his task would have been child's play, for apart from defections caused by the customary misrepresentations of the Insurance Act, he could have had nothing to fear from an opponent who persistently shirked the Tariff Reform issue, merely called for a Referendum on Home Rule, and actually professed his readiness if necessary to put the Crimes Act in operation to suppress disorder in Ulster. But with the Labor intervention, backed on this occasion by material resources equal to those of either of the other parties, new methods became necessary. For one thing, Labor had to be persuaded that Liberalism retained its vitality, that in particular it meant business with its contemplated land reforms, that, as Mr. Bonar Law obligingly pointed out, it was more "extreme" in some respects than Labor itself. Then we had Mr. Shaw daringly satirising his Labor critics as a group of political maiden aunts holding up mitten hands in horror at the audacious character of the modern Liberal movement, and humorously advising people who wanted half-and-half measures to apply to Provost Brown. "This is the Liberal shop; you won't get such goods here." Certainly a spirited counter-attack, and a proof in itself of the young strategist's clear-eyed appreciation of his chief source of peril.

Thus, in the first contested by-election of which Midlothian has ever had experience, we had the unfortunate spectacle of a tussle between the two Progressive wings for the support of the industrial vote, while Unionism practically stood out of the fight with the hope of stepping in at the finish and seizing its unearned spoils. Considering all the circumstances, it was a remarkably good-humored, as well as a singularly quiet, contest. Of the three rivals, Mr. Shaw, whose worst fault was commonly said to be that he was "rather on the young side," shone most conspicuously alike in the arts of eloquence, in freshness of idea, and in the gladiatorial give-and-take of nightly encounter with the Scottish heckler. It was odd to hear his father's son talked of on a Midlothian platform as a "young London aristocrat," but, after all, that was about the severest personal stricture of the whole campaign, with the exception, to be sure, of the stormy passages which arose out of Mr. Outhwaite's resounding and slashing raid on the earlier title-deeds of the Bold Buccleuch. Rather unexpectedly, and much to their credit, the Labor Party made very little of the testimonial offered to their candidate on the eve of the contest by Lord Murray of Elibank—much less, indeed, than was made of that curious incident by the local Tory press. It remains to be said that, although accused by Mr. Shaw's supporters of unfairness in their determination to work exclusively for Provost Brown, the suffragists in the constituency set an example to their friends elsewhere by pursuing an effective and vigorous campaign within strictly observed limits of persuasion and appeal.

J. D.

Life and Letters.

THE ASCENT OF LIFE.

THE discussion of the origin of life which has been the "feature" of the British Association gathering does not present our natural scientists in the light of great logicians. For most of the controversialists hopelessly confused two separate questions—"What meaning shall we give to the term living or organic?" and "How shall we describe the manner in which this living matter comes into being?" Not having agreed upon any answer to the former question, it was not to be expected that much light should be thrown upon the question of "origin." So a good deal of time came to be consumed upon a variant of the famous dispute as to the priority of egg and chicken, under the fearsome terms "chromatism" and "cytoplasm." This intellectual meandering followed inevitably from the uncertain lead of Professor Schäfer's Presidential address. His argument was directed to prove that no finally valid barrier exists between living and lifeless matter, that the organic is produced by continuous evolution from the inorganic through the operation of chemico-physical forces, and that, therefore, "the problems of life are essentially problems of matter." It is true that, by disclaiming all concern with "soul" as a factor in "life," and by confining himself to what he describes as "life in the scientific sense," he endeavors to avoid the difficulties of the extreme materialist position. But even this avoidance is purchased at the cost of consistency in one who accepts, as Dr. Schäfer does, the position of complete evolutionary monism. For how can the full-blooded evolutionist possibly admit the conceivability of the arbitrary entry of such a disturbing factor as a "soul" at some point in the ascending complexity of matter? Moreover, by ruling out "soul" from the "life" with which, as a biologist, he is concerned, Dr. Schäfer will be considered by many "vitalists" to have begged the question. For those who oppose his mechanical explanation of life commonly take the position that every organism possesses some vital principle or "directive soul," or is possessed by it.

Getting behind these dialectical outworks, however, we come to the two scientific fortresses which, to Dr. Schäfer, appear impregnable, viz., the complete continuity between the inorganic and the organic, and the explanation of the latter in terms of the former. In arguing the first position, he dived into those caves of specialist experiment into which, it may be rightly said, the lay mind of the general educated public is not able to penetrate. Taking the leading phenomena considered indicative of life—viz., spontaneity of movement, assimilation, growth, reproduction—he insisted that the results of modern investigation show that in these regards "living beings are governed by laws identical with those which govern inanimate matter." Now, the layman is entitled to observe that, in this strongly dogmatic assertion of this position, Dr. Schäfer ignores entirely the large body of recent experiment, and the judgments of many eminent biologists and physicists opposed to his contention. Experimenters like Professor H. M. Jennings find the movements of amoebae to exhibit characters of trial and selection radically different from the physical line of least resistance taken by oil-drops or mercury globules. Other researchers challenge the similarity or identity of process which Dr. Schäfer asserts to exist between the growth and reproduction of crystals, or of chemically-created celoids, and those of organic beings. In the former, they find no traces of the storage and directive utilisation of energy which are claimed as distinctive qualities of even the lowest forms of vegetable and animal life.

It is, however, generally admitted that recent physical investigations have tended to narrow the gulf between the behavior of inorganic and organic substances when exposed to similar physical stimuli and other surrounding conditions. Many vitalists, moreover, as Tuesday's discussion showed, are not wedded

to any rigid demarcation between animate and inanimate, or to a special infusion *ab extra* of creative energy into certain forms of matter. Not the question how some matter comes to be living, but the prior question, whether any matter is dead, is coming to occupy the first place in modern speculation. Quite apart from the distinctively philosophic tendency to resolve the dualism of matter and spirit into a unity in which the conception and terminology of the latter are dominant, the important impression which the great advances of psychology have made upon the whole conception of organism is visibly making for a constantly extending animism. Science here, as ever, follows and verifies the intimations and analogies of the poetic imaginings of mankind.

The real objections which will, we think, prevail against the interpretation which Dr. Schäfer seeks to give to the relations between the organic and the inorganic rest on his conception of the nature of the "continuity" required by the doctrine of evolution, and upon his notion that the "simpler" chemico-physical laws, applicable to explain the inorganic, must be deemed adequate for the organic.

Dr. Schäfer regards the evolutionary process as being "without exception, continuous, and admitting of no gap." "Looking, therefore, at the evolution of living matter by the light which is shed upon it from the study of the evolution of matter in general, we are led to regard it as having been produced, not by a sudden alteration, whether exerted by natural or supernatural agency, but by a gradual process of change from material which was lifeless, though material on the borderland between inanimate and animate, to material which has all the characteristics to which we attach the term 'life.'" Since Dr. Schäfer had just directed a lengthy argument to show that the alleged typical differences between animate and inanimate matter were non-existent, it is not easy to understand why he should here admit and emphasise any such transition. He quotes with approval the maxim, "*Omne vivum e vivo*," and yet he here argues that by due process the living is got from the dead! Where is the logic of such a proceeding? If there is real continuity, he ought to deny the validity of any distinction between animate and inanimate by insisting that life is everywhere or nowhere. In point of fact, of course, there is nowhere in evolution such a gapless continuity. Every act of chemical combination, every building-up of these very crystalloids and albuminous colloids upon which he relies, is in effect a denial of this smooth gradation. For each raised complexity carries with it the emergence of new qualities, the operation of new laws, which negate the absoluteness of continuity. Nature is all the time making leaps, and nowhere are these sudden transformations better recognised than in biology.

Supposing, then, that it were true that certain albuminous colloids, built up by chemists and subjected to special conditions of heat or other treatment, began to take on all the behavior which is universally admitted to indicate life! What would be the reasonable view to take? Surely not to assert that there is no gap between living and non-living matter, but that, whereas a gap existed, it has been leaped! Surely not to insist that precisely the same chemico-physical considerations, which sufficed to "explain" the inanimate, must now suffice to "explain" the animate matter! One does not get over the fact of these mutations in evolutionary process by speaking of the new products, with their unpredicted and unpredictable qualities, as merely matter endowed with increased complexity. Men of science are too frequently the dupes of such terms as "continuity" and "complexity." "The essential fact of life," urged Professor Keeble, "was its complexity." But living matter can no more be defined in terms of "complexity," than the process of its coming into being can be defined in terms of "continuity." Organic matter is not merely more complex. It is matter that behaves quite differently, and the true laws of its behavior must be expressed in terms of that difference. As one views the process of evolution from the most homogeneous forms of "dead" matter to the most

highly organised forms of "living" matter, there will doubtless be found many breaks in the smooth regularity of the evolutionary process, besides the emphatic breaks between the inanimate and animate, the unconscious and the conscious. But nowhere will the claim that the higher should be explained merely in terms of the lower be deemed valid.

Nor do we for one moment believe that the general trend of scientific thought in this country will accept as satisfactory this attempt of Dr. Schäfer to force his chemico-physical formulæ as a sufficient scientific explanation of life. Perhaps the most profitable words in last Tuesday's discussion were those in which Dr. Haldane expressed his view of "the whole of the progress of knowledge in this respect as the gradual conquest of the inorganic world by the advance of knowledge in the organic world." But this gradual process of interpretative continuity by no means implies that at the present stage of scientific inquiry we can apply the same laws to the two worlds. In this connection may be quoted the concise statement of the case made by Dr. Haldane in his address to the British Association four years ago. "In Physiology and Biology generally, we are dealing with phenomena which, so far as our present knowledge goes, not only differ in complexity, but differ in kind from physical and chemical phenomena; and the fundamental working hypotheses of physiology must differ correspondingly from those of Physics and Chemistry." We believe the growing tendency will be progressively to recognise in so-called inorganic matter the clear beginnings of the structure, activities, and even purpose, which characterise the higher nature of organic matter, and to interpret the unity of the whole evolutionary process in terms not merely of increasing complexity but of ascending life.

THE SHAM WAR.

ALL this week the newspapers have been giving a column or so to the progress of the "war" in England, and all next week they will give more. Special correspondents have described to us the movements of Brown forces and White forces. Photographers have shown us the Queen's Bays defending a road, or the Scots Guards drinking their last cup of coffee just before the battle. We have been told, as usual, of a General Idea and a Special Idea. Early in the week a huge White army of entirely imaginary numbers had effected a landing somewhere on the coast, and was trying to pierce the line of defence interposed by an equally imaginary Brown army, assumed to exist for the sake of the general idea. One single division of the White army had been told off to capture certain depôts of stores at Newmarket and Stowmarket, and a single division of the Brown army had been told off to stand in defence of those depôts. Both these divisions really existed, to the number of about 12,000 men apiece, and both were put in action around the ancient fens and heaths of Cambridge, Norfolk, and Suffolk. Then we heard of marching and counter-marching, of the strong position on the line Six-Mile Bottom—Bury, of contest for the passage of the Little Ouse, of gallant defence at Thetford Bridge, and the splendid handling of the cavalry at Brandon, or the guns at Elveden. General Lomax, of the Browns, and General Lawson, of the Whites, were praised or blamed in turn. Correspondents, swooping along the roads in motors from one army to another, zealously informed us that at such an hour there were so many battalions at Royston, so many at Saffron Walden, so many batteries at Mildenhall, so many squadrons on Newmarket race-course. Next day, the positions were changed, and no less zeal was displayed in describing the new situation. But, except perhaps to a few officers, the information conveyed was of no possible interest to any human soul.

We do not wish to "crab" these or any other manœuvres. Next to war, they are the best training that an army can get. Even in the last week larger questions than the defence of hedgerows or bloodless conflicts among applauding villagers have arisen. So far, the chief problems have been concerned with recon-

naissance and information. In spite of terrible disasters, the aeroplane has entered upon practical reconnaissance. Is it more trustworthy for observation than the old captive balloon, which was seldom of much service? Should aeroplanes be allowed to drop symbolic bombs, just to show what devastation they could spread when the last great invention of man is put to its natural use? Is it wise already to prepare special guns for their destruction, like the Ehrhardt gun, which will pierce them with fragments of time-fuse shrapnel at immense heights, or shrivel them up with flame at the shell's smallest contact, hurling their occupants headlong through the air, though miles away? Or, again, for conveying information, in these days of aeroplanes, wireless, airline and cable telegraph, helio and telephone, is it worth while retaining semaphores, despatch-riders, or even the flag-wagging that delights the "Tommy's" heart?

And then there is that old question of Mounted Infantry, which for fifteen years or more has perplexed the Staff and ruffled the cavalry's pride. In the big Wiltshire manoeuvres of 1898, when the Duke of Connaught revealed to those who had eyes what a poor strategist and tactician Sir Redvers Buller had then become, it appeared to be definitely established that the only use of Mounted Infantry was to act as escort to the guns. "Escort to the guns," everyone said, and all were satisfied, till in the next year we were at war with an enemy that consisted entirely of Mounted Infantry, in a stony country where no cavalry could charge for half-a-mile. Then the cry arose that cavalry was obsolete, that "the white arm" was done, and the lance must go. All sang the glory of the "1st M. I." and the "2nd M. I." Convert your proud Scots Greys and Shining Tenth into riflemen on horseback, like the Boers, we were told, and all will be well, except at the cavalry balls. Nevertheless, as the battalions lay stretched in long, thin lines, at wide intervals across the veldt, some of the soldiers lying there may have thought to themselves, "If this were a smooth and fertile plain beside the Rhine, and six hundred cavalry came thundering down with spear and sword upon our flank, where should we be after the next minute and a half?" Then came a vaster and more terrific war. It swallowed up much, and poor as the Japanese Cavalry was, and useless as the Cossacks generally proved, it nearly swallowed up the Mounted Infantry as well. With a certain stoical pride, the cavalry has almost silently returned to its own, and this week we have been hearing doubts whether the "M. I." are worth preserving on any terms, except perhaps as a further inducement to the War Office to save the horse from extinction.

Those are big questions that manoeuvres raise, though they cannot settle them. There are many other questions equally big—the position of batteries, the number of guns in each, the advantage or danger of entrenchment; and at the back of these problems of the field lies the enormous and vital problem of supply. The feeding, watering, and warming of many thousand men moving uncertainly from place to place even in a fertile, temperate, friendly, and certainly well-watered country, is about the hardest task that peace can set, and no one notices the men who carry it out, unless they fail. To the rank and file there is nothing very terrible in the troubles of manoeuvres—hardly enough to rouse them to that ironic cheerfulness of endurance which characterises the British soldier when things are really bad. But still the manoeuvres do give some foretaste of the "hardship, poverty, and want" which Napoleon said was the best school for soldiers. Nor among these many professional advantages of manoeuvres must we forget the wider, indirect blessing they confer upon our country people. See the delight of a village as the guns, the cavalry, or even the long brown serpents of the line pass down its street! And if, by happy chance, they deploy and open fire in the surrounding fields, all hearts are transfigured with joy, and for months to come the villagers will talk tactics, and the children creep from ditch to ditch for the assault. For it is an unfortunate thing that all mankind, except the Chinese, appear to love everything to do with war, until it begins.

When it begins, there comes the sudden change—a change so enormous and incalculable that manoeuvres are seen to be no more like war than a marriage with its cortège of carriages and supply of breakfast is like a funeral with its cortège of carriages and supply of lunch. It is Death that makes the difference. In modern warfare there is not much rage. Sometimes, it is true, rage may arise even in an Aldershot "sham fight," just as it may sometimes be seen for a moment between the opposing leaders of the House of Commons, who will dine together afterwards, like the Generals at Aldershot. But distance has a queer effect in extinguishing rage, and no one fires in real anger at a moving speck upon the horizon, or even at a figure five hundred yards away. It is Death that makes the difference—Death and his brother, Fear. Of course, we always assume soldiers to be faultlessly and invariably brave. The present writer has heard an eminent living politician make light of courage, because you can buy any quantity of it at one-and-threepence a day. That sounds very satisfactory, and philosophers have been known even to deride what they call "brute courage." But, on the whole, before even the greatest politicians and philosophers laugh at it or assume it cheap as dirt, it might be well for them to hold their tongues until they have come under heavy fire themselves, and seen the men around them falling down with bloody holes in their heads or bodies. We were writing of Rochefoucauld last week; he had known war and was speaking from knowledge when in one of his "Maxims" he said:—

"No man can engage for his own courage, who was never in any Danger that might put it upon the Trial."

In another "Maxim" he observes that courage in men is esteemed the principal virtue because it is the hardest to practise. And he further notices peculiar and complicating points about fear, such as that "Some men have not the command of their fears at all times alike"; that all courageous men agree that night, though it adds to their fear, gives them an opportunity of sparing themselves; and that even those who do most in battle would be capable of doing a great deal more, if only they could be sure of coming off safe.

If it be said that Rochefoucauld spoke as a cynic upon courage as upon other virtues, we deny it; but without spending time on proving the denial, we turn to the "Military Maxims" of Napoleon himself, and in the sixty-seventh we find:—

"Great extremities require extraordinary resolution. The more obstinate the resistance of an army, the greater the chances of assistance or of success. How many seeming impossibilities have been accomplished by men whose only resource was death!"

But for Death and his brother, Fear, those impossibilities would never have been accomplished. It is death and fear that in affairs of war make that word "impossible" so stupid, and it is the absence of death and fear upon manoeuvres that makes the decisions of the most judicious umpire so uncertain or ridiculous. For the same reason, we doubt if it will ever be possible to settle international disputes by manoeuvres between the two or three nations concerned. Even though the most impartial umpires were selected, the defeated army would never consider justice had been done, or that their full and incalculable strength had been displayed. Something, certainly, might be gained by an agreement that the Monarch or Ministry of the nation whose army was ruled out of action should be put to death, for that would probably reduce the number of wars. But we fear that even that solution would be regarded by the mass of the populace as unsatisfactory without a more general slaughter.

Manoeuvres are excellent things in themselves, but they are no more like war than the field of Borodino a century ago looked like the field of Mildenhall to-day. They are no more like war than a Parliamentary debate is like a revolution, or the languid confusion with which we read about assaults on Stowmarket or the defence of Thetford Bridge is like the agonising suspense of wondering whether a real enemy has reached those points and passed them. And if anyone prides himself on knowing war from experience of manoeuvres, or calculates his courage from his behavior in sham fights, he is like a millionaire congratulating himself upon his honesty for never having stolen a crust of bread.

THE FARM LABORER AND THE CHURCH.

We sat on the Squarson's lawn. The present writer cannot pretend to a very breathless interest in tennis, and accordingly was not displeased to find a companionable cleric whom he soon discovered to inhabit a mental world not altogether dissimilar from his own. He talked of his reminiscences of the life of the Norfolk village in which he had been brought up, and the writer listened, and something like this is what he said:

"The laborers left off coming to church about 1870. It was the time of Joseph Arch. Before that they all came. My father was a Squarson, and I well remember the state of things amid which I was born and grew up. He was a Whig—at that time of day he was looked upon almost as a Radical—but what was impressed upon the laborers was that they were to do their duty in that state of life in which it 'had'—not the 'shall' of the Catechism—but 'had' pleased God to call them.

'Bless the Squire and his relations
And keep us in our proper stations'

—that was the way of it. The laborers and their families all came to church—they would have got the sack if they hadn't. The big farmers had a man at the church door to tell them off one by one as they came in. Any absentee would be reported on Monday morning, and if a satisfactory explanation was not forthcoming he would have to go. The squire's party came up first to Communion—generally about four. They knelt in the middle of the altar-rails, and received in both kinds first. After the Communion of the Oligarchy came that of the rest of the congregation, first the farmers, then the tradesmen, and so on, and last the laborers.

"As I said, the revolt came in 1870. My father, in spite of his Liberal sympathies—he had appeared on Liberal platforms, and for one of his class at that time might be looked upon as a sympathiser with the aspirations of the poor—received a continual stream of the most bitterly insulting anonymous letters and caricatures. I remember one of the latter; the whole effect of the composition was something like those figures of St. Michael weighing the souls that you sometimes see on church windows, but the Angel in this case was the Angel of Darkness. The picture was that of a parson, with the horns and hooves and bat's-wings of the Devil, holding up a naked boy munching a stolen turnip, and lashing him with a horsewhip.

"That turnip symbolised a great deal of English history—Enclosures, French Wars, Corn Laws, Hungry 'Forties. In my own remembrance, the Norfolk laborers had to bring up their families on nine shillings a week. In winter, when there was not much for them to do, they were often summarily discharged. When I was a boy, a turnip field was never planted near the village—it was put as far away as possible to avoid the wholesale depredations of the starving poor. A laborer said to me the other day, surveying a field of turnips, 'They no business to be so near the town; I don't suppose it matters so much now, though, as it used to.' 'Meat' meant bacon. A beast was indeed slaughtered with sacrificial rites at the village feast, and again at Christmas, and everybody tried to get a little bit of it. A man went round from door to door with the announcement that a bullock was to be killed, to receive orders. Most people tasted meat then, but at no other time.

"Yes, the misery of the laborers dates from the Enclosures. The land of these people here, for instance" (our hosts) "was all bagged. It is an old story about the number of geese that once were kept on the common lands. In 1870, the time of the revolt, the people looked back upon at least a century of wretchedness. After the Peace, when the War had to be paid for, things were probably at their worst. The idea arose that the cause of the evil was the Peace, and it became a common saying—I have often heard it—'I should like to hear Bony crow again.' There were riots from time to time, and actual fighting between the soldiers and the people. I have talked to old men and women who had relatives hanged for taking part in these disturbances.

"Those were times of great brutality. Everybody who could flog anybody else did so. The chief farmer in the village where I was brought up horse-whipped his farm lads continually, and on occasion laid his stick about the shoulders of the laborers. Needless to say, the Wise Man's maxims as to the rod were duly observed in what village schools there were. In a village known to me the parson went into the school twice a week, when the unhappy candidates for corporal chastisement were brought before him, girls as well as boys, and were laid across his knee, and thrashed with his walking-stick. An old woman told me the other day she remembered Mr. Dale very well—he had often beaten her as a girl.

"No cottage had more than two bedrooms. A laborer and his wife and half-a-dozen children—sometimes nine children—would sleep in two rooms. The growing boys and girls all slept together. 'There's been a very heavy fall of bastards this year,' an old woman once said to me. 'I do think no house shouldn't ever be built without three chambers.' The drift to the towns was as much as anything else a moral revolution."

At this point we were interrupted by the hospitalities of tea; but the writer had heard enough. People sometimes speculate as to why the laborers do not go to church. The above artless recital, put down just as it was told, may supply an answer to the question. In the writer's opinion, the wonder is that after all they do still go to church, or that at least they like the church to be there, and they want what the church stands for. We noticed a sentence quoted from a book by a scientific lady the other day, which said that "the very word 'Creator' has passed into the catalogue of mythological terms." But the farm laborers working all day in the open air, amid growing things and living creatures, are not evolutionists. If told that life could be produced by the experiments of chemists, they would simply not believe it. They have an undoubting faith in a Creator, a Heavenly Father. More than this, they, to say the least, do not disbelieve in sacramental mysteries. To think that the blessing of God is conveyed through ordered channels in old traditional and sacred ways is an idea still congenial to their minds. Controversial religion has no kind of attraction for them. The Rev. A. H. Baverstock, the Vicar of Hinton Martel, writes in the current number of the "Vineyard":—

"The priest has never been entirely lost sight of behind the figure of the country gentleman who has ministered as parson; his ministrations will often be asked in the most unexpected quarters in time of sickness. To me this is a really astonishing thing. Were I a laborer struggling to bring up a wife and family on fourteen shillings a week, I must confess I should find it difficult to value the ministrations of those who, better fed and clothed and housed, have betrayed so little concern at the scandalously unfavorable conditions under which those entrusted to their spiritual care live and labor."

In this astonishment the present writer altogether shares. It is an amazing thing that, in spite of the clerical magistrate sentencing poachers, in spite of Mr. Dale's walking-stick, and the churchwarden's horsewhip, after all the starving, turnip-stealing years, the angry memories of which are still alive, there should yet be deep down in rustic hearts a feeling for churchyard crosses and for wedding rings and the blessing of the ministers of Christ.

THE BRITISH PORCUPINE.

UNDER the night sky the white road shows many blots which we imagine to be prowlers like ourselves, till their stillness and ugliness of shape prove them to be inanimate. Blots in the distance skip away as rabbits while they are yet grey, but at last there is one that is really black, and that moves at our very feet. It is not running away, but pottering round and round, as though looking for something, like Diogenes in search of an honest man, not in the least fear of Alexander standing by, indeed plainly a little impatient of his presence. As the

creature joggles about and waits for us to pass on, it utters a series of querulous, musical grunts like the *sotto voce* grunts of a sleeping pig, each containing a tiny incipient squeal. The stranger, wondering that any wild animal should have the temerity to wander thus unmindful of the dread presence of man, might put his hand down to see what the insolent one might be. He would touch a panoply of spikes that would make him ejaculate rather hastily, "Hedgehog!"

If we call him the British porcupine, some purist may remark that the porcupine is a rodent, a mere nibbler of bark and devourer of leaves, while the hedgehog is an insectivore, and thus far removed in the scheme of natural classification. A mere matter of teeth and diet does not shame us. Hedgehog and porcupine are originals of their respective races, that have hit upon the same methods of immunity from annoyance, and those methods have reacted with each of them in the same inevitable way. The bounding rabbit and the timid shrew make haste to remove themselves from anything that looks the least bit dangerous. Some remote ancestor of each line took it into his head to be indifferent, to roll up and let the preying animal eat or go its way. Half-hearted preyers turned away from the trouble of undoing a Diogenes that was a little rough-coated, and rougher coats still appeared in the next generation. Incipient hedgehogs may still have fled from the fiercer of their enemies, but as the prickles got stronger and sharper, the number of those who could undo them lessened, and the nonchalance of the prickly one increased. The porcupine is the most impudent of beasts throughout the world. Everyone must make way for him or suffer the consequences. And the hedgehog is the only blot upon the road that does not make haste to get out of the way when man comes along.

Our prickly friend has a smaller proportion of brain than almost any other animal. He despises brain. The device of objectionableness was brought in for the saving of brain-fag as well as wind and footwear. He blunders into our traps with the greatest readiness, knowing only the smell of food and the desire to get it. What form the food takes is a matter of indifference to him, so long as it is tasty and nutritious. If inquisitiveness be a sign of intelligence, the hedgehog has it in the highest degree. The country people believe, and have always believed, that he sucks the cows. It looks a little like a joke when we remember that the skin of a hedgehog is sometimes tied to the nose of a weaned calf to prevent the cow from allowing it to suck. But the hedgehog can be soft enough when he likes, and with his long and unarmed nose could milk a cow without offering the least offence. The udder is not always continent, and perhaps the sum of his depredations is that he licks up spilt milk when he comes across it. He can smell out a partridge's nest and eat the eggs, can track a young covey like a setter, and would make nothing but its own natural bones of a small chick. Some one tells the tale of a hedgehog bought to eat black-beetles, and unwittingly left in the kitchen with a parrot, which it killed and devoured. The bird's cage was on a large bracket about five feet from the ground, and the hedgehog "must have leaped a considerable height to secure a precarious footing on the ledge of two or three inches between the cage and the edge of the bracket." We should have thought that no *alibi* could be stronger, but as no other culprit was available the hedgehog had to suffer.

His most admirable rôle is that of eater of snakes, both harmless and poisonous. It is a feat very rarely seen, and the alleged manner of attacking the viper seems almost too good to be true. According to a French gamekeeper, the urchin takes the snake unaware, and, seizing the tail, at once rolls into a ball. The viper, striking at the enemy that holds its tail, does the rest, for the spines against which it strikes soon render it harmless. Mr. J. E. Harting, on the other hand, says that the urchin gives the snake fair battle, biting when an opening occurs, and rolling up when retaliation is attempted. By either method a vertebra in the middle of the back is soon broken, and then the viper is slowly crushed from head to tail and eaten. We scarcely think

that the average viper could be got into the fight without the chancery hold described by the French gamekeeper. A further arrow in the hedgehog's quiver is immunity from snake poison. If, as seems generally accepted, he has this, he can follow up the viper and compel it to give battle. This practice of attacking the most redoubtable of all the wild animals is a most surprising trait in a creature that has apparently founded its whole life on a sort of Monroe doctrine of "Don't you interfere with me and I won't interfere with you." The other porcupines, whether rodents or the egg-laying echidna of Australia, are entirely free from this touch of Imperialism.

Mr. Thompson Seton told astonished Londoners recently that he had no doubt that there were twenty species of wild animal to be found near their homes. One of them would no doubt be the hedgehog, seldom seen, but having a marked reluctance to retire before the on-slights of the suburban builder. In an island of garden in the midst of one of the most crowded of our working-men's dormitories, we found a nest of little hedgehogs under a summer-house. They were in the softish white fur which precedes the prickly stage. The little hedgehog is like other animals, too, in having a tail that sticks out, as perhaps all tails should. But in a few weeks the childish thing is put away—that is, tucked closely in among the barrier of prickles that must be complete as the epidermis of a golf ball when the animal rolls up.

It is strange that an animal so well protected and so insolently conscious of its safety should be a night prowler. Nothing, of course, is safe from man, but, then, has man been long enough on the earth to affect the habits of animals? The whisper is abroad that the hedgehog's defence is not complete even against its four-footed enemies. The brains of the fox are said to be too many for it. Reynard was said long ago to be capable of rolling the ball of spines to the edge of a precipice, so that the animal should be smashed in the fall. The opportunity would be rare, and the hedgehog is capable of falling something like twenty feet without the least injury. A better plan would be to roll him into water, and the later books substitute the pool for the precipice. No one, however, has seen the fox at the clever game that has been invented for him. There seems to be little doubt that a dog here and there has learnt the trick of the cold douche, but dogs, by their close association with men, have advantages far beyond those of the fox. Somehow the stoat manages to circumvent the hedgehog, probably by a quick snatch at the throat before the ball can close, and the badger, using brute strength and unfairly long claws, can defeat the urchin, however he may be prepared.

All these natural dangers, be it noted, are night dangers. The hedgehog would best avoid them by hunting by day and lying up at night. He seems to be a night prowler merely in order to be in the fashion. There is an unexpected trait of sociability in this markedly stand-offish creature. He likes to be about when all the world is about. Perhaps he enjoys the hoot of the owl, even though it is a rival mouser. He would like the bird to pounce on him, when he is nicely rolled up. His prickles are made for the rough-and-tumble life, and would be wasted except in the thick of it. Perhaps his great fight with the viper has an extra zest by night, and that is why it has scarcely ever been witnessed by man. Yet we cannot understand why he is sniffing and sobbing all by himself on the white high road at midnight.

Short Studies.

THE GARDENERS.

We had advertised for a single-handed gardener, and the next morning's post brought seventy-one replies. So we turned to the "Eastshire Gazette" in order to refresh our memories, and find out what it was—what extraordinary compelling power lay hidden in our apparently very ordinary advertisement to draw such a haul of

applicants. We offered £1 per week and no cottage. To us it had seemed so meagre an offer as almost to be insulting, and we had been quite prepared for its producing no effect whatever. But the explanation was not really far to seek. There was only one other advertisement requiring a single-handed gardener, and in this case he had to "turn the hand," and the wages offered were 18s., while there were two columns of gardeners in need of situations—a very great supply and practically no demand.

It was a morning's work to sort the letters. First, we could dismiss the married men—they amounted only to about eight or nine. We had been obliged, owing to the dearth of cottages hereabout, to insert "single man preferred." Most of these married ones excused themselves for writing with the words "No encumbrance." Then we could discard all under twenty-three, and those more ambitious ones who spoke of their knowledge of peaches, of vines, and of tomatoes. The rest, if you read between the lines, told the same story. It was the story of the struggle for life, the story of unorganised labor, the story of Failure. It was monotonous. Upon what system were we to single out those with whom to communicate? The fairest and simplest would have been to shuffle them all up in a basket and to pick out two or three with one's eyes shut. As it was, we wasted our time reading the letters over several times in the hopes of discovering some little touch of individuality or difference. Finally, we classified them roughly by their handwritings, thus: The impersonal clerkly—or the man who had had a little education—and the illiterate scrawl—or the man who had had none. The clerkly showed a dreary parrot-like appreciation of the right phraseology in answering advertisements. "Re your advertisement in 'Eastshire Gazette,' I beg to apply for the post. I have life experience, both inside and out, and I thoroughly understand the routine"—or, as one put it, "the route of garden work," &c. The illiterate, usually over fifty, were generally terse and to the point. "I understand garden work please say what wedges given have good reference." The question about wages, as the amount had been mentioned, was, we suppose, merely a formula. This type wrote on half-sheets of notepaper. Then there were tacit admissions of failure. "I have had three men under me, but am willing to take single-handed place," or "I have been having £1 per week, finding own lodge, but would be open to reasonable offer," and "I am fifty-eight and single, well used to a bit of hard work"; and, lastly, those who were willing to be useful on 18s. a week, "housework not objected to." These, no doubt, hoped we might take advantage of their offers to do the work for a lesser sum. So we wrote to four or five of both types in order to have plenty to choose from.

The following day they came, but not only those we had written to. Others arrived, desperately venturing with the chance of unpaid fares in the hopes of attaining this Eldorado, our situation—in other words, £1 per week, "finding own lodge." An old man and a young man were the first. They waited side by side in the hall, and as they had travelled long distances, and it was nearing dinner time, we gave them a meal in the kitchen. I asked the housemaid, "Do they look as though they would murder one another?" She said "No," they were talking "very sociable." We interviewed the old man first: he was one of those we had *not* written to—probably on account of his age. He said he had sent a reference, Meshach Tull—did we recollect? He had come on the chance. Meshach was a widower, and looked a good deal over sixty, with a strong likeness to the later portraits of Victor Hugo. He had a thin, snow-white beard and white hair, what there was of it; his skin was very tight and finely wrinkled. There was a large lump on his poor bald forehead. But he was a pleasant-looking old man for all that. He had put on a very clean, ill-fitting, white collar, tied round with a piece of striped black and yellow stuff, made to resemble silk. His clothes were a queerish snuff color. He was very cheerful and jocular in manner, as if to make amends for any appearance of age. He answered questions with a sort of mechanical vigor, straightening

his shoulders and jerking his chin. His references to the "young chap" he had been waiting "along with" contained no bitterness. We walked the old boy round the garden; he was garrulous, but not, as so many gardeners are, arrogant or superior. Now he told us stories of wasps and wasp stings, and of how a friend of his, a groom, had been recently stung and instantly fell down dead, or anecdotes of the drought down his way, of cattle dying, and of rivers dried up at the source. Picturesque travellers' tales they were, mixed with superstitious saws about the garden and about the weather. Then began the horrid process of letting him down easily. We had to disparage our property—call it "an awkward sort of garden to work," "there was a deal of mowing to be done," &c. Did he think he could manage it? How we wanted him to say "No." But he assured us he would do his best, and then touching his beard, he added, "It's this—I am afraid you won't take me, but I'm only fifty-six." If this was so, it was all the more tragic. We said we would let him know our decision, and gave him his fare, which he obviously hadn't looked for. He went off straightening his shoulders with a jerk of his chin, for he was of the sort with whom hope springs eternal, and who would say to himself in the face of a rebuff, "Not this time perhaps, but another."

The "young chap" was a very different type. We had settled beforehand that he was to be our man, because his master, some cultivated clergyman, had written to us in an exquisite scholar's hand of his gardener's irreproachable character and first-rate abilities.

It was quite a shock when we saw him; the master's scholar's hand had raised our hopes too high. He was clean and very well dressed, but his face looked as though it might have been stepped on by a large foot, which had flattened out all his features to a spread level, and his small black eyes had an extraordinarily self-seeking expression. As we paced the garden paths he sang his own praises in no uncertain voice, boasting of his prowess with "the knife," of his prizes for early peas. Further, he informed us that he was a non-smoker, a total abstainer, and a member of the Church of England X. Y. Z. Society. He was perfect, and there seemed no reason whatever why we should not decide on the spot to secure this treasure. But experience had taught us not to stifle an instinct, however unreasonable it might appear, and as we couldn't very well tell him that we did not care for his face, or that his personality was repugnant to us, we said we would "think it over," and spoke of other applicants in view.

He was followed by a most desperate looking man of thirty-six—the personification of gloom. It may only have been his cast of feature that gave him so forbidding a look; his overhanging, beetling brow, and his blackness. He spoke in an educated way, and showed more individuality of expression than most of his type. He told us of his life and its loneliness. He had had great tracts of solitary digging to do, making new gardens. And he had had bad luck, too; a very good employer had died, and he had not been taken on by the people who came after. For four months now he had been out of work, save for a few temporary jobs. He spoke bitterly of the "young chaps," though he was only thirty-six himself. They stepped in and got all the good things, he said, merely on account of their youth, for they couldn't have the same experience as the older men. There was a sort of blight about the man; one could, somehow, account for his failure, though his references from former employers ought to stand him in good stead. We told him we would consider him, but I don't believe this man's pulse was capable of beating any faster with hope.

Then followed all sorts, all willing to come, and difficult to put off. They were mostly respectable men, and neatly dressed, though in some cases noticeably pathetic efforts had been made to appear so. One could recognise the passed-on evening bags of some late master, and, in one instance, though the day was warm, a superior, though well-worn, overcoat had been donned, probably to hide deficiencies. It was a comfort when there was no doubt about them, the bottle-nosed ones and the stone-deaf. They could be more quickly

despatched—poor wretches. If we had cared to become employers of sweated labor, it would have been easy enough. There were several willing to give us their services for 15s. a week, and even less. By this time we had learnt that £1 a week is considered a great deal of money.

Victor Hugo haunted us during the still watches of the night. We had sent the fatal postcard by the evening's post, after seriously discussing his possibilities, or rather his limitations. He would be so pleasant and amenable and unlearned; but, on the other hand, in a few years' time he would be past work—the harder work—the carting of wood and manure, and the heavy digging, and then we thought of the hundreds of Victor Hugos in this world, and we couldn't employ them all. Yet what was to happen to him between the ages of sixty and seventy? An odd job perhaps, here and there. If he had kind children they would, perhaps, spare him the workhouse. Then he and his like were jostled in our minds by the middle-aged, able-bodied, unskilled workers, clamoring for £1 a week or 18s., and many with families to support. And what about the younger ones? For all they held their heads so high—their day of reckoning would surely come. But for the poor man to look forward is to look into an abyss, so perhaps he never does.

These people weighed on our consciences. It was useless saying we had no concern with them. There was no comfort to be found in assuring ourselves that we were not responsible. Individually, maybe, we were not, but collectively as a class we were, and there seemed no way out of it. And so we tossed and waited for the sun to rise, which might dispel our doubts about this world being a jolly place to live in—or it might not.

D. P.

The Drama.

"KINEMACOLOR" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"Drake." By Louis N. Parker. Produced at His Majesty's Theatre.

It is, I suppose, impossible to persuade a great mass of British people that art in its various forms of literature, painting, sculpture, and the drama, does not exist merely to amuse them, or to give them the kind of emotion they derive from hearing a baby laugh or a cannon go off. This being a fixed idea of the public, many of their entertainers (who, indeed, implant and stimulate it) fashion it into forms in which the appeal to the eye comes first, and is made sufficiently common and glaring; the appeal to the ear comes next, and is a strident, high-sounding appeal; and the appeal to the spirit is hardly made at all, or is addressed to feelings which, though they may be touched to fine issues, may also be directed to very shallow and unreal ones. Thus the great London theatre becomes more and more of a "cinema," with vocal accompaniments. Large numbers of actors and actresses are made to go through much expressive and rapidly changing pantomime, culminating in clashing moments and vivid scenic groupings, which might almost as well be set forth by "supers" as by highly-paid artists. This is the essential stuff of the spectacular play; and, obviously, it is best applied by resort to "picturesque history," *i.e.*, to periods when the fashionable dress of gentlefolk must present to modern eyes an especially brilliant and fantastic air.

So far so good. Great historical artists can work with the like material. Dumas can give us his ruffing musketeers, Scott his gay knights and troubadour kings. But the true subjects of these writers are human character and destiny, and Schiller portrays Wallenstein, Dumas Mazarin, not because they can be made to shine in splendid draperies, but because they satisfy the eternal curiosity about life and the past story of man. The scenic dramatist, working only for the hour, and choosing period, types, historical setting, as so many clothes-props for his puppets, prefers such ideas and personalities as

assist this trivial aim. Say he takes the England of Elizabeth. What does he want with it? Its literature, its moral spirit, its intellectual temper? He doesn't understand them, or thinks that his audience would not. Its intricate and Machiavellian polity? Too subtle. But stay—there is the Virgin Queen, and there are the buccaneers, with (happy thought!) Drake, the prince of them all, to whip up modern Jingoism (*i.e.*, anti-Germanism) and quicken the patriotic instinct. On this plan of popularising and coarsening history to fit present-day humor, everything that is really stirring and blood-quicken to serious students of the Elizabethan age—such as the Queen's and Burghley's magnificent fight to attain unity within the realm, and safety from its two great foes, France and Spain, without—is left out of the picture, and whatever is bad in morals or doubtful in policy, but melodramatically splendid in achievement, is put in.

So away with Burghley—a greater man than Elizabeth was a woman—or rather in with him as a mere pro-Spaniard with a little peaked beard and a nasty, underhand way of pulling it, which stamps him for a villain and no patriot. Let him make room for Francis Drake, who singed the King of Spain's beard, and (in leisure moments) traded slaves in the Indies. In all this we may distinguish between the sphere of pure morals and the region in which the great "patriotic" dramatist may find themes fit for his hand. Drake was a sailor, and a prince of sailors, and more than once his fighting instinct was right when Burghley's and Elizabeth's reasoning and plotting were wrong. But many of his enterprises were about as moral as the Jamestown Raid, and left much the same "trail of finance" behind them. If they had failed, as the Raid failed, Elizabeth, for all his genius and daring, would have clapped him in the Tower. Such lights and shades of a wonderful piece of English history are too fine for Mr. Louis Parker. A great modern historical writer, like Ibsen, can treat his country with the respect for human nature that genius brings to its work of quarrying into the hard, tangled mass of the past. But Mr. Parker must sentimentalise Drake, pirate as he was, till he becomes a mere *Pirate of Penzance*. He sentimentalises Elizabeth till that splendid liar and schemer fades away into a she-rhetorician, who (when I shut my eyes on Miss Terry's dazzling beauty) took the forbidding shape of my boyish remembrance of Miss Lydia Becker. Such is the modern Englishman's hatred of intelligence that just that point in his island story when sheer brains and patient cunning saved England from ruin, must be dressed up as an apotheosis of piracy with a little comic English seamanship thrown in. Drake and his companions were part of that story, and mingled glory and guilt in proportions that the world accounts differently from the age of Elizabeth. But they were not the whole of it, or anything like the whole.

In its common, thoughtless way, therefore, "Drake" at His Majesty's depreciates statesmanship, prudence, law, mind, morals, as so much in our political society depreciates them. Its political conception is indeed a child's conception, and as one listens to, or rather looks at, such dramatic work, one realises that the audiences that can applaud it (and I did hear some criticism of its grosser childishness) must be grown-up children too. The Queen and Drake are made to hatch the expedition to Nombre de Dios, and the famous voyage round the world, in the presence of a gay company of courtiers and ladies-in-waiting, or of a party of revellers in Drake's garden at Plymouth, while Burghley mouses unhappily round to catch the crumbs that fall from these high counsellors. Elizabeth raps out her retort to Mendoza on the deck of "The Golden Hind" at Deptford. Nearly all which is not pantomime is *opéra bouffe*, and pantomime which is not *opéra bouffe*. And for all the pomp and movement of the piece, its poverty of invention is distressing. Most of the scenes are mere preparations for an Elizabethan progress, in which lovely Miss Terry descends from a gorgeous litter—all ruff and pearls, and many-colored petticoats—to spout Elizabethan tags in Elizabeth's well-known manly voice. She spouts on Dept-

ford Quay, in Hampton Court Palace, before the West Door of St. Paul's. This mechanical set and intention of the play not only rob it of sincerity—that is to say, of a genuine appeal to historic patriotism—but forbid a poetic treatment of what is undeniably a poetic theme. Drake's first sight of the Pacific is, if anything, a poetic moment in his career, and one can imagine how a figure and character of Irving's romantic attraction would have rendered it. But Mr. Parker makes nothing of it. The mock trial of Thomas Doughty at Port St. Julian gives another such opportunity, and it is fair to say that it is not entirely missed. But how can true feeling live long in an art of which the scene-painter and the costume-maker are the true masters? If the national sense is appealed to, the dramatist must touch, not pride in the statesman's art and the nation's zeal for liberty and faith, but the passion for freebooting which, for all its splendid climax in the defeat of the Armada, came near to losing all. He must make much of it, not merely because of his want of intellectual and moral grasp, but because it gives him the stir and color and noise that the great theatre of spectacle demands. And even the grand pirate-patriot, Drake, must be stripped of his manhood, and fitted to a silly love-idyll, before he is allowed to take the floor as the ideal Englishman of the reign of good Queen Bess. The theatre-goer must be given something filling for the eye and vaguely soothing to the mind, or the stomach, when the England of Elizabeth presents some of the toughest problems in morals and politics. Thus is our stage de-standardised.

It is impossible to say much of or for the actors' art when it is presented under conditions in which it is deliberately subordinated to costume and scenery. Miss Neilson Terry made a very beautiful Elizabeth, and she did contrive to give some idea of the hard intellectuality of the original, of which her direct and competent, but not profound or highly sympathetic, art made a very fair exponent, while she had fined down her face to something like a real likeness to the pinched features, thin lips, and cold, watchful eyes of the great Queen. Mr. Lyn Harding, as Drake, was as good as his author allowed him to be, and he did not permit the absurdity of the love-scenes to shake his general conception of how a bluff, bold sailor-man ought to speak and act. Lord Burghley's features were cruelly caricatured; Mr. Merivale's Thomas Doughty was an extremely fine piece of acting on a small scale. His demeanor in the good trial scene—the best in the play—was a really subtle study of an Elizabethan type. There was a great deal of gentlemanly music by Sir Charles Stanford.

H. W. M.

P.S.—The patriotic spirit to which "Drake" is supposed to appeal appears to require some fortification, for I notice that, out of twenty-three advertisements on the back page of the programme, fifteen proclaim the merits of various stimulants (which include Plymouth gin, as a touch of local color, I suppose) and their agreeable accompaniments.

Communications.

INDUSTRIAL "SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A good many years ago an American mechanic stated publicly that if he could have one-half of all he could save in the management of engineering and other works of which he had knowledge, he would, within twenty years, become the richest man in the world.

Since then another American—Mr. Taylor—has developed the same idea, and has produced a system which he terms "Scientific Management," under which he claims that, by the mere application of certain formulæ and rules, the cost of the production of commodities can be diminished down to almost vanishing point. This has been achieved by discovering experimentally what may be termed the line of least resistance in the production of each commodity, and relentlessly pursuing it.

This system means an enormously greater output per

man and per machine. It is merely the application of common sense to the methods of manufacture, and the carrying out of the fundamental principles of economic production.

It is said that the new science is warmly endorsed by the capitalist employers throughout the United States. On the other hand, organised labor is bitterly opposed to it, and regards it as labor's inveterate enemy. Moreover, it is certain that any attempt to introduce it generally in this country will arouse the most bitter antagonism of the trade and labor unions throughout Great Britain.

And yet Mr. Taylor claims to be doing a great work for the benefit of society, and believes his system will help to unite Capital and Labor more closely. Why, then, should labor oppose him? The subject affords a most interesting study, and a useful illustration of the essentially antagonistic elements existing in our present industrial system, which are the root causes of the seemingly eternal conflict between Capital and Labor.

The object of Mr. Taylor's science is to enable the employer to secure a much larger return from each workman and machine than at present. Consequently, the present annual output of each factory will be obtained with fewer hands and at a greatly reduced cost. The general adoption of "Scientific Management" must, therefore, result in a wholesale discharge of operatives in all industries. This is, of course, the logical end of the continued application of science and invention to production, viz., the elimination of the human factor in production. From the standpoint of economic production, Mr. Taylor is eminently right, for the aim of economic production is to achieve the greatest possible result with the least possible expenditure of energy.

But economic production is, after all, but a means to an end. What is this end? Selfish individuals will perhaps regard it as the mere making of profits, and no doubt under our present economic system this end is fully attained.

On the other hand, the economist, the statesman, and the humanist must take a very different and broader view. Looked at from the standpoint of social well-being, the essential object of production is the maintenance and well-being of *all* the members of society rather than of the few.

Now, it is very certain that this object will not be attained under present conditions by the new "science." On the contrary, the existing inequality in the distribution of wealth would be greatly augmented.

In order to demonstrate this, let us consider the examples given in *THE NATION* of August 3rd. According to those, the new science is to increase the efficiency of labor as follows:—

- (1) Bricklaying: 120 bricks per man per hour increased to 350 bricks per man per hour.
- (2) Cotton Goods Manufacture: Increase of output, 100 per cent.
- (3) Handling Pig-iron: $12\frac{1}{2}$ tons per man per day increased to 47 tons per man per day.
- (4) Machine Factory Work: Increase of production from 400 to 1,800 per cent.
- (5) Shovelling: 16 tons per man per day increased to 59.

Now, it is certain that wages will not be increased to anything like the same percentage as the increase in product and profit; otherwise there would be little temptation for employers to adopt the new method. In one example given in *THE NATION*—that of "scientific" shovelling—wages rose from \$1.15 to \$1.88 per day, whilst the cost of production fell from \$00.72 to \$00.33 per ton. But it must be remembered that, although the rate of wages is increased, the number of employees is greatly diminished, so that the total sums paid weekly in wages are very seriously reduced.

Take bricklaying, for example. Here, one man is to lay 350 bricks, instead of 120 per hour. This is an increase of efficiency of nearly 300 per cent. On the other hand, wages—according to the example—are not likely to be increased over 60 per cent. If, therefore, the demand for bricklaying under the new system remains on an average what it is, only one-third of the number of bricklayers will be employed, and their wages will only be about 60 per cent. higher. Hence, in this particular industry, the total wages paid under ordinary conditions will be reduced from 40 to 50 per cent. In other industries the results are even more startling.

It is just here that the inevitable conflict commences. Production is maintained by reason of demand, and demand is maintained by consumption. But consumption diminishes as the purchasing power is curtailed, for demand can only be effective when accompanied by purchasing power. Now, the great demand for general commodities comes from the wage-earners in all countries. Hence, when the volume of wages is diminished, demand is necessarily reduced, and we are face to face with one of the most startling paradoxes presented by our economic system. *The tendency of industrial efficiency is, therefore, to reduce and ultimately to destroy the demand for the very things which it is its object to increase.*

"Scientific management" seems, therefore, to spell ruin and disaster to the wage-earners and to the community at large. It means that, unless the demand for all commodities can be greatly increased, two-thirds of the brick-layers, one-half of the cotton operatives, nearly three-fourths of the iron workers, four-fifths of the machinists, and over 70 per cent. of those engaged in shovelling, will be thrown out of employment. But what prospects are there for an increased demand under increased efficiency? Apparently it will mean a greatly decreased demand. This necessitates our inquiring what becomes of the money which the new management is to save by cutting down the number of employees?

A Rockefeller can only eat one meal at a time, and three or four meals per day, even if his digestion permits this. On the other hand, wealth concentrated in the hands of a few usually leads to a greater demand for servants and members of the serving class. It must also be remembered that, although the demand for motor cars and similar evidences of wealth will increase, *this by no means implies an increase in the number of persons employed in such industries.* The new science applies with equal force to the production of articles of luxury and ostentation as to cotton and iron goods. It seems clear, therefore, that the immediate application of the higher efficiency system will mean a wholesale discharge of skilled workmen and factory operatives, followed by an increased demand for waiters, servants, chauffeurs, butlers, footmen, and most probably doctors and nurses. There will also be a greater demand for members of the theatrical and music-hall professions, and professional society entertainers. Evidently Mr. Taylor's new science will be of little value in these professions.

This raises a further question: What influence on the national character will the management tend to exert? The unequal distribution of wealth enables the few to determine to a large extent the future occupations of millions. And since environment affects and often determines character, evidently the characters of millions are at the mercy of the few. The character of a person will often depend upon whether he follows the trade of a mechanic or that of a music-hall artist.

It may be laid down that the physical, material, and moral health of a nation is dependent upon a just distribution of its wealth, and this should be as even and as extensive as possible, consistent with the highest development of each and every member of society. Moreover, under such a system, every man would, by the mere acts of living and consuming (together with his family), create such a sufficient demand for commodities as would provide himself with regular employment.

Our present economic system is absolutely opposed to this principle. It produces inequality and breeds discord, hatred, and conflict. It sets class against class. One part of the system is in direct opposition to another part. As previously affirmed, production is dependent upon demand. But demand can only become effective so long as the masses have something to purchase with. And this necessitates their sharing justly in the distribution of the annual produce.

The essay in *THE NATION* may be divided into two parts. The first is a description of what is meant by "Scientific Management"; the second consists of a soliloquy on the results. I do not pose as an authority on slave driving, and therefore would not object to "Scientific Management" if the result is to be greater production with no greater effort; or the same production with less effort. Henry George has said truly that "Man tries to satisfy his desires by the least possible exertion." If "Scientific Manage-

ment" can increase his satisfaction by saving his exertion, so far so good. But the problem will not be solved at this point. If the mass of men are merely to be regarded as wealth-producing machines, to be sifted and sorted, so that only the best are to be used, and, when used, to be kept at the highest possible pitch of output, those that are not used being cast upon the scrap-heap, then I hope and believe that the mass of mankind will not stand it. A more equitable distribution of wealth will never be secured by the most scientific management of industry. Nor can we hope to establish a "high form of co-operation" between all concerned in industry, such as is hinted at in the concluding paragraph of the article in *THE NATION*, so long as the present system of unrestricted and untaxed private ownership of land is allowed to continue. That system is both irrational and immoral, and must finally give way to a true science which will harmonise with our own science of ethics. That science will enable mankind "to produce incessantly, with the least possible amount of labor, the greatest possible variety and quantity of wealth," and will automatically distribute it in such a way as "to realise for each member of society the greatest amount of physical, moral, and intellectual well-being, and, for the race, the highest perfection and glory."—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH FELS.

Letters to the Editor.

LIBERALS AND LAND POLICY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Why will people like "President of a Country Liberal Association" so persistently misunderstand our land policy and make it mean its opposite?

He quotes with evident agreement an intelligent farmer, who says that by the taxation of land values "the conscientious land-owner who expends labor and capital in improving his farm will be hampered and discouraged by increasing taxation based on his improvements."

Substitute rating for taxation, and that is exactly what he suffers from now, and what the proposals of the land group would absolutely prevent.

At present the value of improvements is added to the assessment for rating purposes.

The occupier knows that, besides the additional rent on the capital outlay, rates representing 20 to 30 per cent. will be super-added.

The result is that the farmer is discouraged from asking for, and the owner from making, improvements, which seldom are made unless the outlay is needed so badly that the farm cannot be worked profitably without, or is of so remunerative a character that it will bear what is practically double interest.

Now we are asking (1) for a form of valuation that will separate the value of all improvements from that of the land; (2) for power to local authorities to exempt improvements and rate land values only; (3) for the transfer to the Exchequer of most of the cost of education, poor law, asylums, main roads, and other services which are national in character but locally administered, such services to be paid for by (4) a Budget tax on all land values in town and country alike.

From the statements of some of your correspondents, it would appear that on many farms the improvements are of greater value than the bare land.

The first effect of our proposals, therefore, would be to halve the farmers' assessment.

The second would be such relief of burden that the amount left to be raised locally would, in many districts, require a rate on the reduced assessment no higher than that hitherto charged on the higher one. In other words, it would halve the farmers' rates.

The site, or land value, of agricultural land is small, and would pay little; that of town sites in London and large towns is fabulous, and would pay much. In the City it runs up to £3,000,000 per acre.

The Budget tax would bear equally on the actual value of all land, and be pooled for the purpose of the relief named.

The third effect, therefore, would be to bring the latter to the relief of the former.

But the most important effect of all would be that the farmer would no longer be burdened with rates nor the owner with taxes on improvements, whilst the land would be rated and taxed the same whether improved or not, and whether devoted to building, or agriculture, or sport. Idle or unproductive land would be a burden. Well used land would be profitable, and the higher the use the greater the profit.

Instead of "increasing taxation based on his improvements," taxes would increase only where and when land values increased through public expenditure, growth of population, and other causes independent of individual owners or occupiers.

For encouraging good landlords and discouraging bad ones, for promoting agriculture in the country and industry in the towns, by penalising non-use or inferior use of land, and rewarding enterprise and industry with their full results, no plan yet devised is comparable for a moment with that of the land group of M.P.'s as embodied in their memorial to the Government.

Their policy will benefit the towns, but it will repeople the rural districts, and almost recreate agriculture.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.
Hillsborough, Crescent Road, Crouch End, N.
September 10th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The increasing prominence at recent by-elections of the Land-taxers, and the somewhat vague hints of their proposals that have filtered through to the papers, must, I imagine, have caused many Liberals to do what I have done, namely, to write to the Land Values Taxation Society for some of their "literature."

Their proposals and arguments, as gathered therefrom, seem to me, and I believe to many other Liberals, eminently unsatisfactory, and for the following reasons:—

First and foremost, they are dissatisfied with the existing system of levying rates on houses rather than on land values. They represent this as a tax on industry, enterprise, and so forth. The same arguments would apply to the income tax. The system has, however, this justification. A house or business premises is a form of wealth showing roughly, though only roughly, how the owner or occupier is prospering in the neighborhood. Also it is buildings and their contents that profit most directly by local expenditure in the matter of drains, policemen, etc.

There is, however, a certain plausibility in taxing or rating land values, especially the land values of gardens and spaces attached to houses within a town. There would be no injustice in this; but would it be expedient? Is not the whole modern tendency to encourage modern dwellers in towns to spread themselves out rather than to avail themselves of every possible plot to build on?

With regard to taxing the land value of land as yet wholly undeveloped, it must be borne in mind that this form of wealth is already taxed under the 1909-1910 Budget, and further, that in many cases, where, for example, the supply of houses—that is, of developed land—has outstripped the demand, it is not directly realisable in an income-yielding form. This seems to me to make it a hardship to tax its capital value as distinct from an increment tax, beyond a certain amount, unless there are very cogent reasons.

The chief reason given is that a tax on land values would unlock land wanted for building. But would it? The land most wanted might be held by a wealthy man, to whom the extra taxation was nothing. The inability of a mere money motive to unlock land is shown in one of the land-taxers' pamphlets, advocating the taxing of agricultural land according to its maximum value. The story is this. There is a demand for small holdings at 40s. an acre. The landowner, though he is only getting 10s. an acre for his land from a farmer, refuses, from motives of sport, or friendship for his tenant, to let to the small holders. This shows that a man is willing to tax himself to the extent of 22s. an acre to use his land in the way he wants, rather than in the way other people want.

What the land-taxers want done can, however, be effected by an extension of the principle of compulsory purchase, whether for building or for small holdings. In this

way, all the land needed for development could be got, and there would be no undeveloped land, in the bad sense of the words—that is land held up—to tax. The cry of the land-taxers is to loosen the hold of the great landowners. It seems to me that the choice lies between a direct, efficient, and just way, and one that is indirect, inefficient, and unjust.

The extension of compulsory purchase, the simplification of land law reform and development of land registry, compensation for, and abolishing of, copyhold rights, greater facilities for the spread of agricultural knowledge and co-operation—perhaps, local land courts to deal with questions of cottages, rents, and wages—these seem to me the right ways of doing what the land-taxers profess to be aiming at. I cannot but think that the taxing of land values on a large scale, as distinct from a possible readjustment of local rates, is a hasty and plausible proposal which will accomplish little, create much hardship and ill-feeling, and, though this would, perhaps, not matter if it was a really beneficent policy, break up the present Liberal Party, and leave the way clear for Tariff Reform.

Finally, may I add a protest against dragging the Enclosure Acts into this controversy. They are dead and buried, and it will only be for our hurt if we let them rule us from their graves. The hardships they inflicted on the poor, the gains they gave to the rich, and the benefit they bestowed on agriculture are all alike irrelevant. Willfully to visit the sins of the fathers on the children (even if we could ascertain the children, and we cannot) is a misapplication of the hereditary principle by the side of which the House of Lords appears a logical and beneficent institution.—Yours, &c.,

DONALD B. SOMERVELL.

Harrow-on-the-Hill, September 11th, 1912.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—"President of a Country Liberal Association" writes as though he had not enough knowledge of the land proposals to correct his farmer friends, talk they never so foolishly. There are two sources of value in land, one of which is taxed at present, and the other, which it is proposed to tax instead. The agricultural value of, say, £50 is mainly due to equipment and cultivation, and ought not to be taxed. The same land may be worth £100 by reason of its proximity to a town. If, as we propose, we take the taxes off the £50 improved value, and put them on the £50 unearned value in excess of the improved value, the landowner will not escape payment by "letting his land run to waste until it is valueless for agricultural purposes." He could only escape, in fact, by improving his land until the whole value of £100 could be attributed to his own industry. Every pound he spends will have the double effect of increasing his income and reducing his taxes. If, on the other hand, he lets his land run to waste, he will automatically pay more and more taxes, because the margin between unearned and improved value will become wider. In fact, it is the present system that makes waste profitable by taxing a man in proportion to his improvements. He ought to be relieved in proportion to his improvements, and that is what the new land proposals mean.—Yours, &c.,

G. G. DESMOND.

Sheepscombe, Stroud, Glos.
September 11th, 1912.

THE AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent "H." in the letter under the above misleading heading, furnishes a good illustration of the tendency of British political writers, as well as of some British statesmen, when referring to the affairs of the Monarchy composed of Austria and Hungary, to exalt the former and to depreciate the latter.

Quite frequently, writers in English journals make reference to the Austrian fleet, Austrian army, and Austrian foreign policy, although both the fleet and the army are as much Hungarian as Austrian, and the foreign policy is determined—not by one Government—but by the Governments of the two nations.

In the article before me, Bosnia is said to have been

occupied thirty-four years ago by Austria, and the great improvement which has taken place there since is attributed entirely to Austria.

After reading these fictions, let us consider the facts.

The administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina was entrusted by Europe to Austria and Hungary, and the chief administrator for many years, under whose direction wonderful progress was made, was Mr. Kállay, a Hungarian, who was succeeded by Baron Burian, also a Hungarian.

Why should not Hungary receive at least a part of the credit which your correspondent gives exclusively to Austria?

The same prejudice against Hungary appears in another part of the article under review.

Political discontent is considered natural and unavoidable when it occurs in India under British rule, and in Bosnia when erroneously believed to be under Austrian rule, but due entirely to oppression when it occurs in a province of Hungary.

Does this show impartiality?

Then, I submit that the statement by "H." that the aged Emperor gave Hungary a Constitution, is calculated to create a false impression in the minds of all who have not studied carefully the history of Hungary.

What happened in 1867 was that the ancient Hungarian Constitution, which, by the aid of Russia, had been temporarily suppressed, was revived. To the Hungarians, that Constitution had never ceased to exist, and its unbroken continuity was afterwards acknowledged by the King of Hungary, the only monarch to whom the Hungarians owe allegiance. And, in 1867, the Hungarians were able to secure for Austria political privileges similar to those they had enjoyed for many centuries.

Now, with both nations in the possession of constitutional liberty, it should be possible for them to live side by side on friendly terms.

A pleasing indication of a movement in this direction is seen in the agreement recently made that each will be more considerate of the other in the matter of place-names. The Hungarians have agreed not to use Hungarian names for Austrian places, as, for instance, Bécs instead of Wien; and, on the other hand, the Austrians have agreed not to call places in Hungary by German names, as, for instance, Agram instead of Zágráb. This arrangement is being enforced, so that letters and telegrams addressed otherwise than in conformity with it are not forwarded from either country. In the case of telegrams, senders are given the opportunity of making any necessary alteration.

I suggest that British writers and correspondents should do all in their power to promote the good feeling which has thus arisen, in doing which they will be following the rule laid down by the Royal Geographical Society of London, that names of foreign places shall be such as are used by the inhabitants.

"H." in indicating Agram as the capital of Croatia, uses a name which is neither Croatian nor Hungarian, and is not seen at the railway station nor in the railway timetables.

In conclusion, I may mention that, as on many former occasions when travelling in Hungary, I find everywhere a strong desire that only the most friendly relations should exist between Great Britain and Hungary, and I take this opportunity of asking that this friendly feeling may be reciprocated by my fellow-countrymen, and especially by those who desire to promote international peace.—Yours, &c.,

W. H. SHREBSOLE.

Nagyszöllös, Hungary,
August 30th, 1912

A BRITISH POLICY IN PERSIA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

Sir,—In the course of an article entitled "A British Policy in Persia" in your issue of the 31st ult., you say that "if it be assumed that Northern Persia must be written off as lost, as a bribe thrown to Russia for the salvation of Persia, then the course of British policy is clear," and that is to make a strong independent neutral state of what remains of Persia, for "there need be no difficulty in effecting this end, it would cost this country nothing. All that is necessary would be for Great Britain and Russia to withdraw their veto over the Persian Government, and

their intervention in its affairs." Later, you say: "The creation of such a real buffer State requires from Sir Edward Grey nothing but an exercise of will, which, if it be determined, Russia has not the force to resist, and a threat on our part to co-operate with Germany against her in Asia and the Near East would infuse into Russian statesmen some glimmering of loyalty to treaty obligations."

If it be possible to come to an understanding with Russia and rely on her loyalty to treaty obligations, why, then, do you seem to have abandoned all hope of Russian loyalty to the Convention of 1907, and to consider it as a dead letter? Was it not made with a great flourish of trumpets of loyalty on both sides? Has not the British Government adhered to the Convention with marvellous precision, and overlooked and even defended all violations of it, and bad faith on the part of Russia, at great cost to its reputation and interest? Did not Russia pledge herself formally to all the Powers to withdraw her troops from Northern Persia as soon as there was no danger (*sic*) to her subjects? What has been the result?

The result is, that all the world is astonished at the boldness with which Russia has violated her pledge since then, and England regards as hopeless any attempt to bring Russia to respect her words and treaty. To attempt to repeat the experiment, and to make another treaty with Russia, and repeat the same comic drama, in hope of Russian loyalty to it, is nothing short of folly! The Persian proverb says: "To try that which has been tried results in nothing but regrets." Now it is beyond any doubt that reliance on Russian good faith is nothing but sheer folly. Then comes the question of keeping Russia to her word and treaty obligations by showing a strong will and using threats, as you have suggested at the end of your article, and from what we learn from past and modern history, that is the only course to adopt in dealing with Russia.

Well, sir, if that is the hideous truth, where is the use of showing a strong will and using threats after such indecision, or of using threats after having been bluffed and bullied? Would it not be a wiser policy for Sir Edward Grey to show a strong will before encouraging Russia in a policy of dishonesty and bullying towards England, before diminishing the prestige of England, and shaking the loyalty and good faith of three hundred million Mohammedans, and last, but not least, before strengthening the Russian position in the Near East, by throwing Northern Persia as a bribe to her, and bringing her within striking distance of the Persian Gulf? No Government in Persia, without Northern Persia, can possibly be strong enough to resist any pressure from outside. The loss of Azerbaijan is sufficient to deprive the Persian Government of all strength to resist any aggression. Not only is Azerbaijan the most productive, fertile, and populous part of Persia, but two-thirds of the Persian effective armies have always been recruited from Azerbaijan, and such Government in the south of the country as you picture in your article, would fall at the first blow of Russia, and would form an absolutely useless buffer State. But Persia with Azerbaijan, if left alone to organise and strengthen herself, can give efficient resistance to outside pressure. The very tribes of Azerbaijan, with a little organisation, will be sufficient to thwart any outside attack.

Sir, the threat which you suggest ought to be used for bringing Russia to her sense of duty would be effective; and the peace of the world in future can only be maintained with the co-operation of England and Germany. But this cannot immediately be achieved. If the present British Government really wishes to maintain the integrity of Persia, and to stop Russian aggression, it has a very effective and immediate weapon for use. That is a simple understanding with Turkey, without entering into any sort of alliance. If England gives Turkey her naval support, and pledges herself to protect the Turkish-European provinces against the naval attacks of other Powers, Turkey, relieved of her most hampering anxiety, will throw her main strength on the Perso-Russian frontier. The presence of 300,000 well-trained Turkish soldiers, with the power of increasing them to a million in case of necessity, supported by hundreds of thousands of well-armed and warlike Turkish-Kurdish tribes, to say nothing of the resistance that Persia can offer, coupled with Turkish influence in Caucasia, will at once

bring Russia to her sense of duty. It is no secret that the possession of Azerbaijan by Russia means the enveloping of Turkey on three sides; therefore Turkey will embrace such opportunity with both hands, and the English Government, by giving such help to Turkey, will not only save Persia and render India safe, but will restore the confidence and loyalty of all the Mohammedan world, and make herself the protector of Islam.—Yours, &c.,

GHARA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your issue of September 7th you say: "Nothing can get rid of the evidence of the photographs, which show the soldiers of our ally in Persia assisting and controlling deeds which roused all England when Bashi-Bazouks instead of Cossacks were their authors."

Why doesn't THE NATION, then, publish those photographs as an illustrated supplement? "Too horrible," you say? What! Why conceal these "speaking facts"? It is the (political) interest of Liberal M.P.'s to turn a deaf ear to the able leaders of protest indited by you and by the "Daily News" ever since the absurd Anglo-Russian Alliance was engineered in high quarters about five years ago. Arguments have no effect on our "investing classes," who are taking up and supporting Russian loans with avidity. Words have no effect on the man-in-the-street, unless you can touch the purse strings of his patriotism. But photographs of Persia's patriots being "beaten to death in water-ponds," being "driven through the bazaars with horse-shoes nailed to their feet," of "Constitutionalists whose mouths have been sown up," of "high ecclesiastics swinging from the Russo-Persian gallows, with Russian soldiers posed beneath" should and must be made public, so that Englishmen may understand the price, paid in blood and national honor, for the Anglo-Russian Alliance.

I cannot understand why Professor Browne, who has done so much for Persia, has not taken steps to secure for these photographs wide publicity. Perhaps the editors of Liberal newspapers have been too squeamish to reproduce them? Surely they ought to be placarded on our hoardings, and used as picture postcards by the minority of Liberals who have "convictions" left. And what is the Anglo-Persian Committee doing, that it keeps these *pièces de conviction* in the snug security of its private bureau?—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD GARNETT.

The Cearne, near Edenbridge,
September 8th, 1912.

[We are bound to hope that a Liberal daily paper—the "Manchester Guardian" or the "Daily News and Leader"—will publish these photographs. If not, we shall feel ourselves constrained to consider the propriety of printing at least one of them.—ED., NATION.]

MISS OCTAVIA HILL'S WORK.

To the Editor of THE NATION

SIR,—Our great leader has gone—not so her inspiration—and we, her followers, must faithfully carry forward our torches, lighted at the steady flame of hers.

In certain of the appreciative notices which have appeared of her work, however, there is one note which rings somewhat amiss, namely, a tendency to dwell unduly on the "limitations" of that work, rather than on its possibilities, the fine leading article in the "Times" of August 16th being, however, a notable exception to this.

Let us consider the question of "limitations" a little more closely. It means, I think, mainly, that the work is supposed to depend too much on "a person," and that it demands more personal trouble and thoroughness than can be got out of the average social worker. Those who dwell on this aspect of the case would like the world to run by machinery, forgetting, however, that even the most perfect "machinery," from the universe downwards, needs "a mind" at the back of it.

The "Times" leader refers very appropriately to Florence Nightingale and her work. Some of these very objections were raised against the possibility of introducing an organised system of trained nursing, and when that system was introduced, and its further extension to district nursing among the poor was set on foot, again objections were raised, some of the doctors, by the way (who should

have known better), being among its strongest opponents. And yet it triumphed.

We have here, in place of the sick poor, the case of the very poor tenant, often morally as well as physically feeble, "lacking,"—as Miss Hill points out—"in self-control, energy, prudence, and industry." Why should not the needs of such be dealt with by trained and organised sympathy and management, just as the needs of the sick poor are, instead of these poor, ignorant people being left, as is too often the case, "to the tender mercies of a low type of landlord or landlady, whose only idea is to make as much money out of them as possible"?

Most of the great housing schemes leave out this side of the problem, hence their frequent failure to achieve what was intended; Miss Hill dealt with house and tenant alike, hence her entire success.

To quote from the "Times" leader already referred to:—

"As a matter of fact Miss Hill solved by far the most difficult part of the housing problem, and demonstrated the true principles of all successful social work. Her work does not cover the whole of housing reform. The large schemes had to play their part. Extensive areas, too crowded and too far gone for anything but demolition, had to be swept away *en bloc*, in order to permit of street widening, new arterial thoroughfares, and general reconstruction. And this necessitated the provision of new houses on a large scale. We must recognise that, and give credit where it is due. But, after all, what is the object? It is the welfare of the human beings concerned, and the mistake of all mechanical reform is that they take no account of the personal factor. The larger and more ambitious they are, the less they take it into account. But in slums and bad housing there are two factors—the house and the tenant. Miss Hill dealt with both, as we have said, and that is why she succeeded."

“Sympathy, consideration, patience, and firmness were Miss Hill's means. She had learnt what was needed from her previous experience in working among the poor. And these qualities can only be applied by personal contact. It is the more necessary that the lesson should not be misread now, because the particular function performed in regard to housing by large and costly action on the part of public authorities has almost done all that it can usefully do; and it is becoming recognised that quiet, piecemeal, patient work, on Miss Hill's lines, will be the most fruitful policy in the future.”

I believe this to be profoundly true; we need to get back to personal influences. Is it, then, impossible to organise some system whereby these slum-dwellings and slum-dwellers shall alike be dealt with by skilled management, instead of by the present one-sided, wholesale, ignorant, haphazard methods?

We who are already working on Miss Hill's lines in Manchester, have constant proof that our movement is an economic gain to the community at large. Our property is kept clean and wholesome, thus we save the Sanitary Inspector; there is less illness in consequence, therefore a higher standard of health, and less expenditure on doctors' bills and hospitals; there is less drunkenness and ill-conduct, therefore (as one of the officers told me the other day), less work for the police; and, withal, we take more rent than the average agent, therefore the movement should commend itself to those who look specially for financial success.

At the National Conference of Charity Organisation Societies, held in Manchester this spring, it was stated that the actual number of slum-dwellers in our city is somewhere about 5,000. Does it pass the wit of man—or woman—to find some means whereby these 5,000 might be brought under specialised methods of management (such as Miss Hill's), whose success is practically assured? If this could be done, the worst bit of our housing problem would be solved, and an example set which, I believe, the more thoughtful among agents of rather better-class cottage-property would not be slow to follow, and so the system would spread upwards. But just as, in a school, the most backward scholars need the most skilled teacher, so here, in the poorest homes, the most highly-trained property-manager and collector is most needed. And—as has already been repeatedly shown—that manager should, if possible, be a woman, for this is pre-eminently woman's work, demanding, as it does, that intimate knowledge of home-life which only women possess, and also the time and trouble which only women can adequately give.

This brings me to my last point:—Miss Hill was, to

the regret of many of us, not in favor of the franchise for women, but, of all the notable women of her time, none has more fully justified the claim to it. She has, by this great work, which she originated and carried forward so nobly and with such marked success, demonstrated, perhaps more than almost any other of her sex, the need of the woman's heart, the woman's hand, the woman's judgment, patience, tact, and capacity for detail, in dealing with the great social problems of our day; and not only has she proved the need for woman's help to be given, but the right of woman's voice to be heard, with that weight and authority which only the vote behind it can adequately give, in helping to frame and administer laws which affect the welfare and happiness of the whole community. Can it be that the chief "limitation" of all to the wider application of her system has been this very lack of the vote?—Yours, &c.,

ANNIE HANKINSON.

Woodlands Park, near Altrincham.

THE ITALIANS AT TRIPOLI.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Recent telegrams in the London daily press, eulogising, in terms that facilitate their passage through the Italian censor's hands, the sanitary improvements effected by the authorities at Tripoli, must be received with some reservation.

In an interview, reported in the "Secolo" of August 26th last, Dr. Barba, Director of the Royal Ambulatorio G. Baccelli at Tripoli, states that the civic sanitary authorities of Tripoli cannot be criticised too severely for their negligence in failing to supply one of the most elementary of human needs—water—during the ten months' occupation of the city. While *numerossissimi* bars quickly arose, many of which were suppressed by the military authorities for selling adulterated and poisonous liquor to the troops; while mineral water sufficient to flood the whole city has been imported, the horrible (*raccapriccianti*) spectacle is daily witnessed of barefooted, ragged, sickly children crowding round the only fountain to obtain a small quantity of water, totally insufficient for the needs of one person, let alone of a whole family.

The flour on sale, which at first was fit for the consumption neither of man nor beast, has been improved in quality; but other necessities in great quantities have not been improved, nor, up to the present, have the civil authorities succeeded in preventing the sale of adulterated wine.—Yours, &c.,

T. OKEY.

Brasted, Kent.

"WANTED, AN 'EDUCATION BILL.'"

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—"A Country Parson" has my sympathy and admiration now that he reveals himself as a County Council candidate who makes Education an electoral issue. The lack of enthusiasm which troubles him is not confined to his rural districts; it is as great in the big towns and in Parliament itself. But educational progress has never come from popular enthusiasm, or from weight of numbers; it has been the work of a faithful few, knowing what they want, and, with care and persistence, sacrificing themselves to win it. This fact makes it so essential that the faithful few shall agree in a wise and united policy. That is why I ventured to protest against the new "red herring" trailed across their path. Apart from its inherent absurdity, to take the work of enforcing attendance out of the hands of the Education Committees would be one more degradation of those much-degraded bodies. They have been deprived of the power to provide the necessary schools by having their finance subordinated to other authorities; and if the power of compelling attendance at such schools as they have is taken from them, Liberals may cease to dream their old dream of "a place for every child," and "every child in its place."

To make the educational machine efficient, give it power, dignity, and independent authority; draw into it all who care for the education of the democracy; give away nothing to other departments, and then fight on cheerfully.

The public may be indifferent, but the work will prosper.—Yours, &c.,

A. J. MUNDELLA.

THE REFORM OF DIVORCE LAW.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The widespread anxiety which prevails, not only as to the possible findings of the Royal Commission on Divorce, but also as to the period which will elapse before any reformatory legislation becomes effective, draws attention to the examples furnished by the Royal Commission on Divorce, appointed on December 10th, 1851. In that instance, the Commissioners' labors did not result in legislation until 1857—the Act of 1857, by which divorce became possible in England for the first time, except by Private Act of Parliament, becoming operative on January 1st, 1858.

The present Royal Commission, as you are doubtless aware, was appointed in October, 1909, and it would seem, therefore, that if a similar delay is permitted to occur in adopting the Commissioners' reformatory recommendations, an actual alteration of the law cannot be expected before 1916.

It must be noted, moreover, that when the Act of 1857 was placed on the Statute Book, a period of twenty-six years elapsed before a wife could divorce her husband on the grounds of his misconduct and desertion, unless she first suffered his desertion for the full period of two years; that a period of thirty-seven years elapsed before a wife could obtain the measure of relief, such as it is, afforded by the Summary Jurisdiction (Married Women) Act, 1895; and that a period of forty-four years elapsed before a husband could separate himself legally from a wife who was a chronic dipsomaniac.

These facts call for special efforts on the part of those who have social welfare at heart, so as to insure that not only legislative action shall be expedited, but also that an adequate and thorough measure of reform shall be instituted. These are the objects of the Divorce Law Reform Union; their attainment means the abolition of much injustice and unnecessary hardship, the advancement of marriage, and the inlet of much happiness to thousands of lives.

Please permit me to inform your readers that we shall be pleased to send them our literature freely on application, and that we invite their assistance in hastening the achievement of our aims.—Yours, &c.,

W. G. RAMSAY FAIRFAX, Chairman
(The Divorce Law Reform Union).

20, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE PRISON TREATMENT OF SUFFRAGISTS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Will you allow me to call attention to the terms which have been offered to the English suffrage prisoners now undergoing penal servitude in Ireland? The concessions are so remarkable, forming an entirely new departure in prison treatment of political offenders convicted of serious crime, that they should be noted by everyone interested in Penal Reform, and particularly by those who desire to have special conditions accorded to all political prisoners, no matter what their offence. There can be no doubt that the terms, if accepted, would have raised the standard of treatment in all our prisons, and would have established a precedent which, in the future, no Government and no group of officials could have ignored.

The conditions have now been made public in the "Irish Citizen," a weekly paper published in Dublin. The prisoners were offered the right to wear their own clothes, to associate together, to have hospital food instead of prison fare, and to have certain privileges in regard to reading matter. This offer still remains open, and there is even a suggestion of further concessions to be made later. It is to be hoped that these heroic women will see their way to accepting these terms as a compromise, in the hope that full political rights may follow after Parliament re-assembles.

When one remembers the treatment of the Fenian prisoners in Portland, one sees what an advance has been

made towards humane and reasonable conditions. No one who heard it is likely to forget John O'Leary's account of his prison experiences, and those of his comrade, Luby—an editor and proprietor of a journal advocating armed resistance to the Government, as so many Unionist papers are advocating it at present. It is too long a story to tell here, but one small incident stands out. The prison "literature" had been selected for uneducated convicts, and, beside the Bible, there was hardly a book that was of any value to literary men of cultured and fastidious taste. John O'Leary asked for a Shakespeare, and offered to present a copy to every prison in the country if he might have it; but, after a long delay and much correspondence, the request was refused.

The prisoners undergoing short sentences in Mountjoy Prison speak in terms of high praise of their treatment by the women officials. The atmosphere of an Irish prison is more kindly and sympathetic than that of an English one, and there is an entire absence of the military impression. The wardresses are smiling and pleasant-looking women, and the ordinary prisoners do not look either so dejected or so depraved as in England. Suffrage prisoners who have experienced imprisonment in both countries are emphatic in their appreciation of the attitude of all the officials here. Friends of the English prisoners may have this comfort at least: that in the terrible ordeal they have condemned themselves to undergo, everything is being done that medical science can suggest to reduce the pain and the danger as far as possible. But that there is danger in forcible feeding, no one denies. A very large body of earnest friends of the suffragists still hope that Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans will accept the advantages which they have won by their moral victory.—Yours, &c.,

J. T. KINGSLEY TARPEY.
14, Upper Pembroke Street, Dublin.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am in the habit of looking to THE NATION for a presentation of the questions of the day in an aspect of actuality and cold reality, stripped of any semblance of a cloak of make-believe, and therefore I was disappointed with your article on "The Case Against Forcible Feeding" in your issue of the 7th inst. It seemed, also, that you were a little shy of giving a definite opinion, and were inclined to "hedge" somewhat, for in one place you say, "we cannot see how forcible feeding can be continued in face of the medical report on it by Sir Victor Horsley and two women doctors," while, further on, you say, "those who reject the means of life must face the almost universal view that the authority, which for the moment lacks the power to gratify their political demand, is absolved of further duty in regard to them. There is no defence against absolute unreason, and no remedy for the suffering that comes from it."

While admitting that the authorities cannot set free prisoners, just because they adopt the hunger strike, you seem to suggest that privileges should be at once conceded as an inducement to the prisoner to abstain from such determined conduct. "If, therefore, the strike can be ended by granting first-class terms, no pedantry of official form should be allowed to stand in the way." But where would this lead you? All convicts are classified, and receive privileges according to their class. In your opinion, convicts of the worst class have only to adopt the hunger strike to obtain all the privileges of the best class.

You try to make our flesh creep with a lurid picture of the results of forcible feeding as "established" by a report of Sir Victor Horsley and two women doctors. But why "established"? No evidence has been brought forward of the "severe physical and mental torture," of the "intense pain, with continuous bleeding and abscesses." Ask any twelve, or any hundred, independent and impartial physicians whether they consider this to be a true picture of the case. I know (and I think you know) what the answer would be. It is not only an exaggeration, but a gross exaggeration. Of course, you know that a similar operation, for a similar purpose, is carried out daily in the asylums of this and other countries. Ask the Commissioners in Lunacy what their opinion is.

Take another case:—A woman takes a quantity of laudanum, with the object of committing suicide, and is

taken at once to a hospital for treatment. Are the resident physicians to fold their arms and watch the woman die rather than submit her to the alleged "liability to serious and even fatal accident" by passing a soft rubber tube by the mouth into the stomach for the purpose of removing the poison as quickly as possible?

Finally, you are, of course, aware that an operation exactly similar in every respect to that necessary for forcible feeding is carried out almost daily in our general hospitals as a recognised method of treatment, in cases of obstinate dyspepsia, by gastric lavage, and that, after a few demonstrations, patients can carry out the treatment themselves in their own homes. Obviously they would not be able to do this if but a small portion of your lurid picture were correct. But, of course, it isn't.

I trust you will be able to find space for a presentation of the question from a different point of view.—Yours, &c.,

REGINALD H. NOOTT, M.B.
Bognor, September 11th, 1912.

A PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—With reference to the above article in your issue of the 7th inst., there is an appropriate incident narrated in one of Mark Twain's travel books—"The New Pilgrim's Progress," I think:—

"Mark Twain was crossing the Atlantic with the Pilgrims, and was enjoying his pipe on deck while the majority of his fellow-travellers were holding a religious service in the saloon. To him comes the quartermaster on duty, who thus speaks: 'There they are—askin' Providence to give us fine weather—I don't hold with it. For one ship crossing the Atlantic in our direction at this time of year, there are too many going the other way, and what's fair weather for us is foul for them. Avast with such nonsense.'"

—Yours, &c.,
September 11th, 1912.

J. G.

THE PANAMA ACT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article in your issue of the 31st ult., you surely overlook an important point.

Goods from Europe need only be transhipped into an American "bottom" at any port in the United States to be carried at rates free from canal dues. This is a discrimination in favor of American shipping not anticipated when the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was signed. Do you consider this coastwise trade?—Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM DAVIE.

73, Park Drive South, Glasgow.

Poetry.

NIGHT-SONG.

Ah! see how tenderly arise
The stars in the faint fragile skies!
And the full moon
Will call forth soon
Moths which deep in the wood's shadow lie
And are but dreams flying forth visibly!

Where goest thou?
I follow.
Where goest thou, on what dream quest
Under the sweep of the rowan bough
Into the hidden hollow?
A secret way thou knowest—
I feel the toss
Of the leaves across
My face, and my feet are deep in moss!
And I know not whither
Thou leadest me,
To moors of heather
Or away to the sea!
Yet I come, I come
Through wood-ways deep,
To build our home
In the heart of sleep!

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

"George Borrow: The Man and His Books." By Edward Thomas. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Social France at the Time of Philip Augustus." By Achille Luchaire. Translated by E. B. Krehbiel. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Things I Can Tell." By Lord Rossmore. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Old English Country Squire." By P. H. Ditchfield. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Economic Outlook." By Edwin Cannan. (Unwin. 5s. net.)
 "A Book of Famous Wits." By Walter Jerrold. (Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "Psychology." By Arthur Lynch, M.P. (Swift. 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net. each.)
 "The Indian Scene." By J. A. Spender. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "Fleet Street in Seven Centuries." By W. G. Bell. (Pitman. 15s. net.)
 "The Battle of Life: A Retrospect of Sixty Years." By T. E. Kebbel. (Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "Saint Gregory the Great." By Sir Henry Howorth. (Murray. 12s. net.)
 "The Making of Poetry." By A. H. R. Fairchild. (Putnam's. 5s. net.)
 "The Land War in Ireland." By Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. (Swift. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "The Favorites of Louis XIV." By Le Petit Homme Rouge. (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Holiday Round." By A. A. Milne. (Methuen. 6s.)
 "London Lavender." By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen. 6s.)
 "En Feuilletant de Vieux Papiers." Par Eugène Welvert. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)
 "En Passant." Contes et Nouvelles. Par M. Langlois. (Paris: Ficker. 3 fr.)
 "Wege des Schicksals." Roman. Von E. Werner. (Stuttgart: Union. M. 3.)

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MR. JERNINGHAM's editorship of "Vanity Fair" will be specially interesting from the fact that he means to make it a Radical journal. We hear great things of his staff. He himself is one of the most witty and vivacious of writers.

* * *

THE announcement lists issued during the past week confirm our anticipation of an autumn season of rather more than average interest. Several promising books are to come from Mr. Edward Arnold, among them an important addition to critical literature, in the shape of "A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830," by Professor Oliver Elton. The book is described as "a critical review in an historical setting," and it contains a series of personal impressions and valuations of the authors and works belonging to the half-century which began with the early work of Cowper and Blake, and ended with the closing years of Scott's life. Professor Elton deals both with prose and poetry, and he gives more space than is usual to men such as Beckford, Maturin, and John Hamilton Reynolds, who seem to him to be undeservedly ignored.

* * *

TWO attractive historical studies are also to be found in Mr. Arnold's list. Professor Oman, our foremost authority on the history of the Peninsular War, has written a book called "Wellington's Army," in which the army's commissariat, uniforms, weapons, methods of discipline, and general organisation are described. There are, besides, chapters on Wellington as man and as strategist, and on Hill, Beresford, Graham, Picton, Crawford, and his other famous lieutenants. Those who have read Professor C. H. Firth's "Cromwell's Army" will know how interesting a book of this type can be made.

* * *

THE other study is by Miss Rose Bradley—a daughter of the late Dean of Westminster, and sister of Mrs. Margaret Woods, the novelist—and is entitled "The English Housewife in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries." Miss Bradley tells us how the great lady of the days before the Commonwealth superintended her kitchen, her still-room, and her malt-house; of the influence which the English housewife had upon the forms of social intercourse at different periods; and of her responsibility for such matters as changes in the fashions of dress and furniture. The value

of the book is increased by the fact that Miss Bradley has made use of a number of unpublished journals and account books which show the manner of living and the expenses of private individuals during the two centuries that her book covers.

* * *

AN English translation of August Bebel's autobiography—the first part of which was reviewed in THE NATION of May 28th, 1910—is to be published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title of "My Life." Bebel has been for many years the most influential of German Socialists, and his memoirs give a full account of the rise and growth of the Social Democratic Party in Germany. Lassalle, Marx, Engels, and Liebknecht figure in his pages, and there are many side-lights on Bismarck and the course of German internal politics. The book has a good deal to say, too, about the events of the Franco-German war. Bebel was one of the two members of the Reichstag who did not vote for the extraordinary subsidy demanded by the Government in 1870, and in the following year, when he was the only Socialist deputy in the assembly, he protested against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and expressed full sympathy with the Paris Commune.

* * *

IT is possible to entertain some doubt as to the exact application of the words, "translated from the Sanscrit," which are always to be found on Mr. F. W. Bain's title-pages, but there can be no doubt at all of the beauty, both in thought and expression, of the books themselves. Readers will be pleased to hear that "Bubbles of the Foam," another of these engaging volumes, is nearly ready for publication. It illustrates the fact that "disappointment is the essence of existence," and is said to have all the delicate melancholy of its predecessors. Messrs. Methuen, who now issue all Mr. Bain's books, are to be the publishers.

* * *

NO recent work on China has won so much attention or is of such high value as "China Under the Empress Dowager," by Mr. J. O. P. Bland and Mr. E. Backhouse. The Chinese revolution has led Mr. Bland to write another book about that country, and Mr. Heinemann has now in the press "Recent Events and Present Policies in China." Mr. Bland discusses the causes and symptoms of Chinese unrest, the constituent elements of the Republican movement, and its increasing tendency to provincial autonomy. In addition to this, there are chapters on the policies of the great Powers with regard to China, cosmopolitan finance in the Far East, the opium question, and other topics of immediate interest.

* * *

THE same publisher is about to issue Mr. Frederic Harrison's "The Positive Evolution of Religion." In this work Mr. Harrison attempts a systematic study of the entire religious problem. Beginning with Nature Worship, and going on to Polytheism, Catholicism, Protestantism, and Deism, he estimates the moral and social reaction of the various forms which religious belief has assumed.

* * *

"MEN, WOMEN, AND MINXES" is the title of a miscellany of biographical and other sketches, written by Mrs. Andrew Lang, and to be published next month by Messrs. Longmans. The contents are varied and attractive, among the topics being "The Fairchild Family and their Creator," "Morals and Manners in Richardson," "Pitfalls for Collectors," "Two Centuries of American Women," and "Poets as Landscape Painters."

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NAPOLEON's career has taken so great a hold upon readers in this country that every season adds to the number of books upon the subject. This autumn we are to have "Napoleon's Last Campaign," by Mr. F. Loraine Petre, from Mr. Lane; "The War Drama of the Eagles," a history of Napoleon's standards on the battlefield, from Austerlitz to Waterloo, by Mr. Edward Fraser, from Mr. Murray; and "Napoleon in Exile," by Mr. Norwood Young, from Messrs. Stanley Paul. Mr. Young's book will fill three large volumes, the first being taken up with Napoleon at Elba, and the remaining two telling once more the story of St. Helena. Mr. A. M. Broadley contributes chapters on the existing portraits and caricatures of Napoleon.

Reviews.

A PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRIT.

"Main Currents of Modern Thought." By RUDOLPH EUCKEN
Translated by MEYRICK BOOTH. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

It was by a singular good fortune that the English world discovered Professor Eucken. The discovery was somewhat belated; for Eucken has held his present Jena chair since 1874, so that his reputation in his own country is of long standing. But we are insular mentally as well as geographically; and Oxford has been described, with a certain flippancy, as the place to which defunct German philosophers go. Eucken, however, so far from being defunct, ranks among the most actual of thinkers; and the fact that of late years his writings have been circulated and studied among us is, it may be hoped, an augury of better things. For two assertions may be made about him without fear of contradiction: that, as a writer, he is difficult; and that, as a thinker, he is stimulating—both in an exceptional degree. The vivid phrasing, which, however serious their subject matter, lights up the pages of philosophers like Hegel and Schopenhauer, or theologians like H. J. Holtzmann and Harnack, is conspicuously absent from his writings; the style, if not involved, is lifeless and dull. But, if no one will read Eucken for his form, many will study him for his matter. He presupposes effort, and persistent effort, on the part of the reader. Those who want their slumbers, dogmatic or undogmatic, undisturbed, will do well to avoid him. For his most distinctive note is that he will never let you say, "so far, and no further." He will never allow you to rest in any given position, no matter at what pains you have reached it; he is always spurting you on, and forcing you into movement; he will not let you alone. His big guns sink Naturalism. You take shelter, you think, in Supernaturalism. This, too, he riddles. You find cover in Positivism, in Eclecticism, in the cult of the jumping cat, or in a futile waiting on events, or on Providence. It is no use. The picador has his dart in your flanks; you must think, and think yourself into and out of the interminable succession of thought levels; for thinking is the work of life and the work of man.

The present work, a very excellent translation of the fourth edition of "Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart," is a link between the writer's historical and constructive periods. It deals, from the point of view of each of these, with the Problem of Knowledge, the World Problem, the Problems of Human Life, and what he calls the Ultimate Problems—the Value of Life, with the religious problems, Immanence and Transcendence; the whole being viewed in connection with "Spiritual Life"—a cosmic force, operative in man, though itself timeless and unchanging, introducing us to "a spiritual world of cosmic power and absolute and eternal values; a world set above the relativity of human affairs, and yet present to man as an ethical imperative."

The complexity of modern life has led to an excessive subdivision, and consequent mechanisation, of labor. Specialism and specialists have run riot; we cannot see the wood for the trees. Eucken gives us the trees. Not the single tree of the specialist, but the trees in their infinite variety. His reading and knowledge are encyclopedic, as befits a Professor of Philosophy; but, for him, the wood is of primary importance; the trees are for the wood, not the wood for the trees. Hence a unity which passes over from his aims to his work: we have to do with a life philosophy, not a speculation of the schools.

He will not, however, admit the facile evasions of pragmatism: the knot must not be cut, but untied. His criticism of this movement is decisive:—

"Notwithstanding the stimulating power of such a movement, supported as it is by brilliant and distinguished thinkers, we are compelled to regard it, when we consider it as a whole and in its ultimate bearings, as an error. The powerful impression produced by pragmatism is due, in the first place, to the fact that it reverses the conventional way of looking at things. But what if, in the process, the idea of truth is itself reversed, and ends by standing on its head? And this is what actually happens. The essence of the conception of truth, and the life and soul of our search

after truth, is to be found in the idea that in truth man attains to something superior to all his own opinions and inclinations, something that possesses a validity completely independent of any human consent; the hope of an essentially new life is held out to man, a vision of a wider and richer being, an inner communion with reality, a liberation from all that is merely human. On the other hand, when the good of the individual and of humanity becomes the highest aim and the guiding principle, truth sinks to the level of a merely utilitarian opinion. This is destructive of inner life. All the power of conviction that truth can possess must disappear the moment it is seen to be a mere means. Truth can only exist as an end in itself. 'Instrumental' truth is no truth at all."

Nor, from the standpoint of practice, does the proposed solution solve anything:—

"Pragmatism disintegrates truth by reducing it to a crowd of separate truths, and even claims credit for doing so. But can we be sure that these separate truths will dwell peacefully and harmoniously side by side, that there will be no conflict between them? In the case of conflict, how is arbitration to take place?

"Finally, the chief aim and end of pragmatism—the success and enrichment of human life—is, as an end, by no means free from objection. By human life is here meant civilised life on the broad scale; but in order to regard this life as surely good, one must be inspired by the optimistic enthusiasm for human culture which was more characteristic of earlier ages than it is of our own. Is this life, when taken as in itself the final thing, really worth all the trouble and excitement, all the work and effort, all the sufferings and sacrifices that it costs? When we examine this life, with its vanity and show and its inner emptiness, when we consider how it is penetrated through and through by impurity and pretence, does it not seem a fearful contradiction? Shall the quest after truth be made a means for the preservation of this exceedingly dubious life? We cannot conceive of any belief more hazardous than a faith in life so baseless as this."

The German translator of William James, W. Jerusalem, observes that Eucken's activism rests upon definite metaphysical assumptions, while pragmatism is purely empirical. In each system the reference to life is central. The question is: What is life? In pragmatism it stands for the actual condition of man. In Eucken what is meant is the life of the spirit as a self-sufficient life (*Beisichselbstsein des Lebens*), "which forms, with its own contents and values, something essentially new, over against all merely human conditions, and requires, moreover, a complete reversal of the immediate state of affairs." The conceptions are irreconcilable; an impassable gulf lies between the two.

The whole discussion (pp. 75-81), with that on Intellect and Intellectualism which follows, is typical of Eucken's method. His persistent application of it to the various systems, theories, and tendencies which make up the mental atmosphere of our time make "Main Currents of Modern Life" a uniquely stimulating and uniquely suggestive book. "Nil actum reputans dum quid supererset agendum," might be its motto: and this outlook over life opens out an interminable horizon; for of thought, and of life as determined by thought, there is no end. Hence a sense of space; a negation of the exotic, the artificial, the limiting—one feels the wind on the heath. This is noticeable, in particular, in the treatment of religion. The Roman system, e.g., is "nominally Catholic, but in reality as far removed from Catholicism as is well possible; for it devotes its whole energy to guiding the movement of humanity into particular channels of its own, thus keeping the movement permanently confined within a medieval form." And, of asceticism:—

"We have to deal with a Manichean element which has forced its way into Christianity, and, in spite of all outward strictness, tends to produce inward shallowness; for shallowness it is when the chief care of life is to carry on a struggle against the sensuous, to weaken, degrade, and stultify it as far as possible, and when those who have been peculiarly successful in thus stamping out the sense element are honored as heroes and selected as patterns, no matter how hard or shallow they may be."

"Christianity, however, in spite of these and other elements which are transitory, seems to contain an imperishable core, rendering a breach with it unnecessary; the task before us being that of obtaining 'a form of religion in the sphere of human existence to correspond with the historical position of spiritual life (not with the merely superficial tendencies of the age), without, in the process, losing (or even in any way diluting) the substance of religion.'"

A JESUIT'S VIEW OF OXFORD.

"The Mirror of Oxford." By C. B. DAWSON, S.J., M.A. (Sands. 5s.)

"THE oldest of all inter-University sports," said F. W. Maitland, in the third of his Ford Lectures, "was a lying match." His direct reference was, of course, to the patriotic antiquaries, who maintained that "Oxford was founded by Membricius in the days of Samuel the Prophet, and Cambridge by the Spanish Cantaber in the days of Gurguntius Brabtruc"; but he was always very conscious of the underlying fact that, for one Faust, the universities have necessarily produced a good many Wagners; people who contentedly play with theories and paradoxes for a whole lifetime, skating upon a crust of mere words and superficialities, and dreading nothing so much as a plunge into the chilly waters of truth. Yet, in the matter of academic origins, if anywhere, truth is more beautiful than fiction. The history of any university is a noble subject; and, even among universities, Oxford is pre-eminent in her combination of past traditions with present beauty and vigor. One feels her intense magnetism, even from books which have quite other objects in direct perspective; from Newman's letters, for instance, or the chapters which Lady Burne-Jones devoted to her husband's earliest friendship with William Morris. One sees there how each youth loved the other in and through Oxford, with an affection which was partly of the place itself; and, in his last days, Morris was fain to turn and return, *deficiente manu*, those pages of Dr. Rashdall's new volumes which brought back not only his own past, but a bygone England that was, perhaps, even dearer to his heart. There is scarcely any thread of human interest lacking from the rich skein of Oxford tradition. We have heard a good deal lately of "drawling prigs"; but this inviolate phrase, even where it is deserved, points, after all, to the natural defect of a real quality; such creatures are only incidental bye-products of a society which has leisure for quiet and disinterested study, and which often makes admirable use of such leisure. Moreover, Oxford has never really let the pulse of England go; some would complain that she has conformed only too closely to the requirements of politics and practical life. The distinguished journalist who told us lately that he had been trying, for half a lifetime, to live down the disadvantage of having been educated at Cambridge, joins hands, in fact, with Giraldus Cambrensis of seven centuries ago, who found no better means of advertising his new book than by exercising unprecedented liberality towards the masters and scholars of Oxford.

It is fascinating to trace the growth of Oxford from this twelfth century onwards; its intestine feuds and "suspensions" of studies; its rival academies which broke off from it; its alternate championship of orthodoxy and passionate revolts; its immense influence on the outer world, and the constant reaction of extra-academic ideas upon university life. But the first requisite for an appreciation of the history of any university is catholicity, in the true sense of that word. We must try to put ourselves at every point of view in turn; to interest ourselves truly, if not equally, in widely different ideals; to realise how surely, though slowly, the mills of God are grinding out the truth between the upper and the nether stone. We must sympathise with Wycliffe on the one hand, and with Courtenay's or Arundel's zeal for Church tradition on the other; with the devoted group who shared Newman's plain living and high thinking at Littlemore, yet also with those whom Newman's overmastering impulse whirled first from their feet, and drove finally into opposite extremes—"most hopeless, who had once most hope, and most beliefless that had once believed." Even in the pettier, though bloodier, quarrels, which play so large a part in earlier Oxford annals, we must try to sympathise with all; with the Legate's patrician cook, who cast hot water and grease into the face of a too-importunate Irish scholar, and with the fellow-scholar from the Welsh borders, who cried "Fie, fie! Why suffer we thus far?" and transfixed the menial with an arrow.

In this matter of Catholicity, however, the author of "The Mirror of Oxford" frankly abandons the substance for the shadow. He is Catholic in a certain technical sense,

but too often naively intolerant of much that lies outside his own denomination. The object of his book is mainly sectarian and controversial; this is "the *raison d'être* of its existence," as he tells us with more emphasis than grammar. He feels that other guides to Oxford, however excellent in their way, are "needlessly offensive" to Roman Catholics, and has therefore undertaken to paint the other side of the shield. The result may easily be anticipated. Father Dawson, in pursuance of his one-sided ideal, cannot pass over the University Church without running into a disquisition of four and a half pages upon Cranmer's shortcomings, and the sordid story of his recantations. He cannot, like ordinary writers of guide-books, dismiss this and similar episodes in a few sentences, taking for granted that most educated readers already know something of Cranmer, as of More, and that none but a bigot will refuse the palm of martyrdom either to the Archbishop or to the Chancellor. All through the book, he devotes to the flogging of dead heretics and the glorification of incorruptible martyrs a large proportion of those energies which he might more profitably have expended upon real research. The one justification of this sort of controversial guide-book is that it should be accurate; but the volume before us will not bear very close inspection.

The preface seems to imply that Father Dawson has taught in his own community at Oxford; yet he shows a curious ignorance of general history. "Here," he writes, "in the year 1258, the barons assembled a council—the first of English parliaments, and known afterwards, for some unaccountable reason, as the 'Mad Parliament.'" Nor is he much better equipped for the special task which he has set himself. The very first page of his bibliography contains four misprints, of which one at least (*Registerium for Registrum*) suggests ignorance also. It contains also one patent error of fact; for Anthony à Wood's "History and Antiquities" was translated, not by Gutch, but by the author himself; and it is difficult to understand how anyone could mistake a single page of Wood's racy seventeenth-century idiom for the work of a writer of 1798. Moreover, Father Dawson omits the most remarkable and instructive of all modern books on Oxford—Dr. Rashdall's—which Father Denifle, at one pole, appreciated as warmly as William Morris at the other. The very first pages of this book would have saved Father Dawson from the solemn ignorance of his disquisition on the word *universitas* (p. 11), from an equally blundering attempt to distinguish between "hall" and "hostel" in the twelfth century (167), and from the statement that we owe our knowledge of Giraldus's famous Oxford reading to "a contemporary" (13). Again, any ordinary book of reference would have told him that the Friars of the Sack were not Franciscans in any sense; that Oxford, so far from boasting the third printing press in order of time, comes only seventieth or eightieth on the list of European towns; and that Metz is not the city which disputes the first honors of typography with Haarlem (20). It is only two hundred pages later that the author hints a timid doubt as to these latter assertions, about which he need have had no doubt at all. His idea that the disputations for degrees were held in the Austin Friary, because the friars themselves excelled in disputation, is a long-explored absurdity; and, indeed, all his descriptions of these friary-schools show an ignorance of the actual conditions quite equal to that of the hack-guide who has no ecclesiastical pretensions.

Much, of course, is drawn from Anthony à Wood, whom Father Dawson imagines to be "unprejudiced," though that distinguished antiquary enjoyed an unhappy notoriety, even in the restless seventeenth century, for bitter partisanship and backbiting. A great deal more is taken indiscriminately from other "edifying" second-hand sources, to the neglect even of the most accessible original documents. The result is that his descriptions of the affray at Oseney in 1238, of the well-known Franciscan-Benedictine episode at an Abingdon Grange (53), and of Agnello of Pisa (55), are as blundering as his statement about the Oxford printers, and historically misleading into the bargain. We should be curious to learn what sense Father Dawson attaches to his own assertion that Agnello "sent to Rome to have the *Decretals* changed." This is, apparently, a rendering of Stevens's statement in Dugdale, that he "sent ten marks to the Court of Rome," with which he "procured

the Decretals corrected"—i.e., bought an accurate, and therefore costly, copy of the book. Stevens, by the bye, has slipped into a mistranslation here; but this does not affect Father Dawson's error. When a writer understands so little of the past of his own church, we may estimate the value of his frequent comments upon Anglicanism and Nonconformity. He gives, so far as we have observed, not a single reference, and there are very likely numerous other errors as gross as these which we have run to earth. Nor has he even the saving sense of humor. He quotes, quite seriously, the verdict of a fellow Romanist, that Campion's *Decem Rationes*, with all its frothing about "Luther's whelps," and similar amenities of sixteenth-century controversy, was "writ by the very finger of God." Here, again, is Father Dawson's own translation of the legend on a medieval bell:—

"May the sound of this bell of St. Giles'
Ascend heaven's loftiest aisles!"

In short, his whole book admirably exemplifies the common remark that we of this generation are equally liable to exaggerate the guile and the learning of the disciples of Loyola. It is very small beer that Father Dawson gives us, from page 1 to page 248, and rather sour small-beer at that. However, some men prefer a certain acid reaction in their ale, so long as it is the fashionable acid; even as others studiously cultivate the *bacillus bulgaricus* in their milk. This volume will be appreciated, therefore, by those who wish to spice their enjoyment of Oxford with a strong flavor of religious controversy; indeed, we are glad to think that such readers will find no very wide choice elsewhere. But even these will do well not to take Father Dawson too seriously.

CAVOUR'S DECOY DUCK.

"Le Roman d'une Favorite: La Comtesse de Castiglione d'après sa Correspondance intime et les Lettres des Princes, 1840-1900." Par FREDERIC LOLIÉE. (Paris: Emile Paul. Fr. 7.50.)

"The Romance of a Favourite." By FREDERIC LOLIÉE. Translated by W. MORTON FULLERTON. (Constable. 10s. 6d. net.)

AT last, twelve years after her death, a biography of the Countess Castiglione, the Florentine temptress, Cavour's secret agent, "the most beautiful woman in Europe," who in the heyday of the Empire, dazzled Louis Napoleon's Court, and held the Emperor himself in the hollow of her hand! "It is I," said she, "who have created the Kingdom of Italy." The material for a biography was hard to get at. No sooner was she dead than the Italian Ambassador in Paris confiscated her papers. When her friends sought to recover documents known to exist in her Italian homes, they found the police had been there already. An earlier attempt to write her life was frustrated by the reticences she imposed upon the authors, by her self-glorification, her refusals to explain mysterious transactions; and in a petulant fit she burnt heaps of her MSS. By good luck, some fifteen hundred of her letters, kept by a life-long admirer, came into the hands of M. Loliée. The chaotic scrawl, often dateless and illegible, was as perplexing to decipher as a cargo of bits of stamped brick from Nineveh. However, from it there has emerged "Le Roman d'une Favorite," the English translation of which, by Mr. Morton Fullerton—an accomplished scholar and man of letters, who knows France and the French as few foreigners do, and Blowitz's friend and colleague in the Paris office of the "Times"—has just been published by Messrs. Constable.

Interesting in its individual purpose, the book is no less notable as a biography of the society in which a career such as our heroine's was possible. She was the daughter of Countess Oldofini. But her paternity was as doubtful as that of her destined lover, the Emperor of the French. Not that this did her any harm in an "aristocratic" society, wherein *cherchez-le-père* should have ranked with *cherchez-la-femme*. What did her harm was the pampering neglect of her by a languorous, luxurious, fashionable mother, in whose bed of roses no crumpled leaf was sufferable. From the age of six, Virginie (so our heroine was named) had her seat at the Opera, night after night, in the family box, front seat, so that the house might admire the lovely child. She became the rage, to the worry of the performers on

the boards. In public places the mob, "smart" and otherwise, besieged her. By the age of fourteen, when she had already flowered into superbly perfect womanhood, she had grown quite *blasée*, indifferent to all that adulation. And at fourteen (year 1855) she was married to the young and rich Count Castiglione, who was frantically in love with her, and for whom she cared nothing. His recklessly prodigal gifts of diamonds and pearls, and such like knick-knacks, were wasted. The artistic splendors and scenic glories of Italy, to which the pair tripped millionaire-wise, left her unmoved. Nothing could thaw that bosom of snow and ice. In the end, they separated. Was Virginie unintelligent? Wholly the contrary. Her up-bringing was her undoing. She was, as her letters proved in after-life, of considerable natural powers. She was shrewd, observant, resourceful, alert, witty, humorous; but capricious, vain, wilful, egoistic, and undisciplined—the marplot of her megalomaniac ambitions; for the rest, a miracle of physical beauty, proof against the passion which she kindled in others, but capable of *complaisance* (to use one of M. Loliée's words) whenever some end she desired was thereby attainable.

This was the woman of whom "Uncle" Cavour made use. Virginie was a patriot, and Italy, a geographical expression, needed Louis Napoleon's help. And "Uncle" Cavour knew his man. So he despatched Madame la Comtesse to Paris as his secret Ambassador, with instructions to win over Louis—at any price. "Réussissez, ma cousine," he wrote, "par les moyens qu'il vous plaira, mais réussissez." And again, "Une belle Comtesse est enrôlée dans la diplomatie Italienne. Je l'ai invitée à coquetter avec l'Empereur. Je lui ai promis, en cas de succès," &c. "La Belle Comtesse" was only eighteen when she sailed into the Tuilleries, prostrated César, and threw the gorgeous crowds in the reception, ball, and throne rooms into agitation—the "aristocracy" pushing, elbowing, rushing, mounting chairs to catch a glimpse of the divine Vision. An incident in the Palace of Compiègne gave convincing proof of César's surrender. Theatricals were going on. A brilliant assembly filled the place. But no sign of the Countess. General surprise. César fidgetted, lost self-control. It leaked out that Madame la Comtesse was "unwell." César got up, left the Empress all alone (to her chagrin and the quizzical amusement of the audience), vanished (to alleviate the divine one's headache, or whatever it was), and was seen no more that night. Most gentlemanly mannikin-César! César's visits to the Countess's suburban retreat at Passy; the rivalries between "the Spaniard" who had appeared in time to be made Empress, and the Florentine who came too late; the palace fêtes, at which "the Favorite," sometimes in a Whistlerian manner, took liberties with the gaudy crowd she despised, are set forth in M. Loliée's narrative.

But what of diplomatic results? To believe Cavour's decoy duck, it was she alone who made Louis Napoleon fight for the liberation of Italy. She makes no allowance for the Nationality "Idea" already in the European air, for the pro-Italian influence at the Tuilleries (e.g., democratic Prince Napoleon's, in opposition to the Empress's Vaticanic craze), for the effect on the Imperial spirits of Orsini scare plots. Napoleon III. had definite information of the band of conspirators who had sworn his death in the event of his refusing to fight Austria. Yet the Countess did have her share in inducing the irresolute monarch to declare war. Ambitious of diplomatic renown, she would have us believe that she overcame César, not by physical seduction, but by hard and dry logic and the man's weakness for glory. But her editor thinks he knows better. See his off-hand remarks on Napoleon's price: "Ce prix que nous devinons bien"; "des moyens de séduction, dont elle ne demandait qu'à faire usage"; "ses complaisances . . . en réserve, pour en disposer comme d'une ressource suprême," and so on.

We must reject her claim that, as secret agent to Thiers, and friend of the Francophile Empress Augusta, she made her influence felt in the negotiations that followed the war of 1870. What Thiers wanted was information. Of her efficiency in that kind of business, her grateful friends, the Rothschilds, had proof, to their advantage, at more than one crisis during the six years when the choice between Monarchy and Republic trembled in the balance. The

Empire gone, Countess Castiglione became the "Egeria" of the Orléanists—as M. Loliée designates her, not quite appropriately, inasmuch as the only Orléanist prince with the making of a Numa in him would have none of her advice. And yet he was one of her favored friends! This man was the Duc d'Aumale—soldier, scholar, true patriot, loyal, high-minded gentleman every inch of him, and universally popular—the one man worthy of all respect in that "aristocratic" world. "If France elects me," said he, "I shall obey, but not a vote shall I solicit." Power was within his reach. "Coup d'état," urged his friends, among whom "la belle Comtesse" was the most insistent. Let us quote the patriot's answer in his own words:—

"Ah je ne suis pas de ces princes qu'on trouve toujours prêts à tirer l'épée sur les boulevards de Paris pour la tremper dans le sang français et pour le jeter, ensuite, aux pieds du roi de Prusse. S'il vous faut des princes de cette espèce, allez chez moi, allez les chercher."

With the defeat of the Macmahon and the definite victory of the Republic, in 1876, the Countess, at the age of thirty-six, still in the glamor of her beauty, disappeared into her retreat close by the Tuilleries, where, until the day of her death, twenty-four years later, she lived her anchorite life, admitting none but her favored friends and lovers. She was disillusioned. The world she had unwillingly abandoned was a paltry world of sham splendors, mean egoisms, crafty insincerities, turn-coat "arrivisms." We recognise a characteristic revelation of it in those "republican" députés and senators—agnostics, sceptics, atheists all of them—who, when Macmahon seemed to have won the game, rushed to church, knelt there, crossed themselves, to catch the eye of Minister Falloux, the Papistical bigot. Of the common world of thirty-five million honest, laborious French men and women we hear nothing; it is but the *rôle corpus* for the arrivist politician to experiment on.

"La Divine," as she was so often named, "pour sa beauté supra-humaine," was soon forgotten by her arrivist world. In her later years, though her jewels alone, to say nothing of her Italian property, were worth "at least £30,000"; and though friend Rothschild came to her assistance with generous offers of a life pension, of a fine mansion in Paris, and with hard cash in the last resort, she fell into dire straits. "Thirteen halfpence—ten for flowers, and three for bread," she writes in one of her letters. The "most beautiful woman in Europe," became neglectful of her person, untidy, slatternly, and her flat (with its pet dogs) an unhealthy "nuisance," against which landlords and lodgers protested, and which the police broke into. There were clamorings for rent overdue, and threats of eviction. . . . A tragical figure she was, wandering in the dead of night in the empty streets of the Place Vendôme, resting beneath the lighted windows of some noble mansion *en fête*, where once she had eclipsed the fairest, and whose master had adored her long ago—listening there, until the policeman on the watch, knowing who she was, would ask her to go her ways, lest the inspector on his rounds should take her into custody. "Merci bien, monsieur, vous avez raison." She grew timid, imagined herself persecuted, got the housekeeper's wife, the only woman friend she had in the world, to sleep with her at night. When she died, at the age of sixty, only three mourners—among all her associates of old—could be discovered, to accompany her ashes to her grave in Père Lachaise.

A WOMAN'S VIEW OF WELLINGTON.

"The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley, 1787-1817." Edited by her Grandson, RICHARD EDGCUMBE. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

It was something for Lady Shelley to have ridden Copenhagen, Wellington's charger at Waterloo. It is something for posterity to behold great Wellington himself riding a-cockhorse on a merry-go-round at a Paris fair. These are among the glimpses vouchsafed us in a most diverting volume.

The "hero and the man complete" is Wellington to Lady Shelley, and certainly the revolutions of the heavens at this time were such as to display him at his best. Lady Shelley brings us into the conqueror's company both before and after Waterloo, and not until now have we found him

so amiable and gallant, so simple and human a gentleman. There is no trace here of the Iron Duke. The warrior does indeed rehearse his battles now and then, but in the spirit rather of the soldier who laments war's carnage than of the victor who flourishes its laurels. "I hope to God," he exclaims one day, "that I have fought my last battle!" "It is a bad thing," he says, in a familiar passage,

"to be always fighting. While in the thick of it, I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained."

Lady Shelley's picture of Wellington is charming in every detail, and a really important contribution to our knowledge of him. The Duke, as he appeared in private life, has never before been so happily portrayed. We meet him first on his return from Spain. Lady Shelley's husband, handsome Sir John Shelley, of the Coldstreams (and a sporting character who twice won the Derby with horses of his own breeding), had known Wellington in earlier days, and secured him as a dinner guest. The hero seems to have attached himself at once, in an admiring paternal way, to the beautiful and fascinating young wife, and she returned his liking with the frankest adoration. It was on both sides a very nice and honest sentiment, and Lady Shelley's account of it is delightful reading. There is nothing in it of Nelson and his Emma.

On one point Lady Shelley's recollections are of especial interest. It has often been reported that Wellington was unpopular with his soldiers, even that he was actively disliked, and that the reason was to be found in his own harsh and haughty manner. Thus, it is written in a book published only the other day that

"After Wellington had been raised to the peerage, no one used a more familiar address to him than 'My dear Lord'; and from the end of 1809 onwards he appears to have held the whole of his subordinates at rather greater distance than before."

This, we may note, has long been the general opinion; it has become stereotyped at the present day. But the diary of Lady Shelley gives us the very opposite view of Wellington in his relations with his officers. Before Waterloo:—

"After an absence of six years, during which time the Duke had gained victories, and received honors enough to turn the brain of an ordinary great man, he retains that simplicity of character and manner which is still his distinguishing excellence. He remembers his old friends with the same interest as ever; and the youngest of his subordinate officers enjoys his society, and is, indeed, much more an object of his attention, than are those of a more exalted station in life."

After Waterloo:—

"I said I hoped he had now fought his last battle, but expressed a fear that after such an exciting life he would never settle into the quiet of private existence. 'Oh! yes, I shall,' replied the Duke, 'but I must always have my house full. For sixteen years I have always been at the head of our army, and I must have these gay fellows round me.'"

We do not remember that the Duke in his later years always had these gay fellows round him; but, at least, these are warmer and more pleasing sentiments than those which we have been in the habit of attributing to him. One thing, we fancy, may be truly believed: That Wellington realised more clearly than Napoleon ever did the baser aspects of war, and was more profoundly shocked by them. Had Napoleon at St. Helena chanced upon Gustaf Janson's "Pride of War" he would probably have read it with the utmost impatience. Wellington, in retreat at Walmer, might have been sincerely saddened by it.

A POSSESSED GENIUS.

"The Confession of a Fool." By AUGUST STRINDBERG. (Swift. 6s.)

THE aberrations of a man of genius are often of rare interest, and literary critics will not regret the publication of this autobiographical novel, which contains "the relentless description of Strindberg's first marriage"—from his own point of view. The German critic, Herr Poritzky, however, who writes in his introductory note that the book "depicts the struggle of a highly intellectual man to free himself from the slavery of sexuality, and from a woman

who is a typical representative of her sex," is scarcely likely to mislead English readers by this artless half-truth. Had he written "the confession exhibits the morbid hallucinations and obsessions of a genius in his relations with a normal woman," he would have been nearer the mark. For anything that Strindberg says about the women who were unfortunate enough to join their lot with his must be scrutinised with the care that an oculist bestows on a case of color-blindness. The pathology of Strindberg's highly gifted and intensely irritable brain seems to have resolved itself at recurring crises into the mania of suspicion. Those who were allied in the most intimate ties with this genius were naturally most liable to be charged by him with heinous offences, and it is not surprising that his obsessions should have crystallised into a rooted distrust and fear of the sex which at periods "enslaved" him. It has been said—with what exactitude of truth we know not—that Strindberg's later gospel of egoistic misogyny infected a generation of his countrymen to a disastrous extent. We should suspect that the seed was sown in a congenial soil, and that a generation which could respond seriously to the influence of such a play as "The Father" must itself have been as neurotic as was young France thirty years back.

"The Confession of a Fool" exhibits all the powers of acute analysis and graphic impressionism which have made its author famous. It is transparently sincere, and for that very reason it is not a book for the simple-minded, who will either side with the divorced Baroness, Strindberg's first wife, and call her "a saint and a martyr, bearing undeserved sorrow," or else condemn her as a dangerous creature. The Baroness, however, if we accept her protestations, is simply an ordinary woman, unhappy in her marriage, who seeks consolation for her husband's coldness and infidelity in a maternal love for Strindberg, then an ardent and brilliant youth. Little by little, the youth's chivalrous belief in her thaws the numbness in her heart, and a reciprocal passion soon replaces the idealistic tenderness of their earlier intercourse. It is an old situation, that every woman of insight will know how to pronounce upon; but Strindberg's narrative, penned twenty years after, introduces astonishing features. His egoism, as well as his passion for sincerity, compels him always to explain and deny, to appeal for public sympathy, to accuse others of causing his sufferings and misfortunes, and to vindicate his own motives, while confessing his weaknesses, till the diagnosis of his malady lies before us complete. In the first part of the "Confession of a Fool," the author keeps himself, however, well in hand, and the picture of the *ménage à trois* is diabolically clever, proving how great an artist was marred by the megalomania of which he became the victim. We see, first, the Baron and his wife, mutually bored, though still disposed to be jealous, welcoming to their house Strindberg, the young librarian, and mystifying him by their rapid alternations of gaiety, gloom, spiteful quarrels, and tender solicitude. Then the veil is raised a little, and when "Baby, the much-discussed female cousin," appears on the scene, the Baron's manner becomes animated and good-humored. While he occupies himself more and more with his cousin, he entreats his young friend to assist the Baroness in her dramatic ambitions. He throws them together, while he is, turn by turn, confidential and full of brotherly love and morose suspicions. On her side, the Baroness makes engaging confidences, and is charming, magnanimous, full of suppressed sorrow and disinterested motherly tenderness towards the young man.

So the tragic-comedy proceeds, each of the trio swearing "loyal friendship" to the other, while each, growing apprehensive for his or her "honor," worldly reputation, and future prospects, fears to become the dupe of the others. Strindberg determines again and again to leave Stockholm, and flee temptation. Once he actually bade his dear friends a long farewell, and embarked for Paris, but, attacked by a wild access of "despair, sullen wrath, and homesickness," demanded to be put ashore so furiously that the captain of the steamer gladly gave his assent, as to "an escaped lunatic." This passage is most illuminating in its candid avowal of a previous fit of temporary madness, when "my nervous excitability, exaggerated by

exasperating events, passion, the suicide of a friend, distrust of the future, had been increased to such an extent that everything filled me with apprehension, even in broad daylight." He attempts suicide, then confesses his sins to a clergyman hastily summoned to his bedside, and awakes the next morning to complete sanity and shame at his spiritual humiliation. The Baron and Baroness arrive full of concern at their friend's grave illness, and soon Strindberg is again back in "the trap" of love deceits, protestations, recriminations, cross-purposes, reconciliations, and active collusion between husband and wife. We have not space here to follow further the unveiling of the intimate features of this amazing "confession" beyond saying that Strindberg finally lends himself to the plan of divorce which was arranged between the Baron and Baroness by their friends and relatives. He represents himself as bearing the public odium of the affair, while making himself responsible for the Baroness's future. Ultimately he married her, and in the second half of his narrative he proceeds to revenge himself for all that he asserts he had suffered at her hands during the ten years of conjugal intimacy.

But at this stage his artistic cunning deserts him, and Strindberg only succeeds in blackening himself, and in exciting our sympathy for a humiliated and suffering woman. The gross charges he hurls against her are so obviously the fruit of a diseased mind, that the reader can feel little but disgust at the heaped mountain of his calumny, and pity for the self-evoked tortures that scourged the soul of the unhappy husband. It is, indeed, in their revelation of the sufferings of a proud, sensitive, and indomitable spirit, possessed by the malignant demons of recurring mania, that Strindberg's autobiographical novels must remain the classic literary documents of "possession." The greatest lucidity and most penetrating psychological insight coexist in the patent aberrations, hallucinations, and obsessions of a maniacal order. The unfortunate genius appears, indeed, to be half-conscious of his own abnormalities, and the perpetual contest waged between the sane major portion of his brain and the diseased fibres is one of the most interesting features of his case. The reader must go to the present volume for the full evidence, but the brief extract we quote may illustrate the pathos of the author's struggles to learn "the whole truth" about himself. We may remark that Strindberg's two-fold portrait of the Baroness, first as a bewitchingly candid and innocent creature, and, secondly, as a monster of duplicity and depravity, is simply the reflection in his warring consciousness of his own normal and abnormal sensations:—

"Was it possible? Could she really be a criminal? I pondered the question as I went away, subdued by her chaste beauty, the candid smile of those lips, which could surely have never been tainted by a lie. No; a thousand times no!

"I stole away, convinced of the contrary.

"And yet doubt remained, doubt of everything: of my wife's constancy, my children's legitimate birth, my sanity, doubt which persecuted me, relentlessly and unremittingly. . . . I determined to make the most searching investigation. . . . I appeal to the reader for a verdict, after a careful study of my confession."

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THE sagging of Consols seems to have started again without a great deal of reason, and as a result the Stock Exchange has lost some of the cheerfulness which characterised most markets during August. The amount of outside business coming into the House has shown no noticeable improvement; the indiscriminate buying of cheap shares continues, but shows no tendency to expand sufficiently to promote a boom, in spite of the efforts to stimulate interest in the Kaffir and Rhodesian markets. On the other hand, the rubber share market has been swamped by realisations by professionals, who thought the public was going to repeat its performance of 1910, when a few purchases were made. The weakness of Consols is also due in part to similar causes, the wave of strength which came over the market a week or so back having induced a few bulls to put away stock which they have not desired to keep in view of possible money pressure and disturbances in the Balkans. City opinion, too, after jumping to the conclusion that Consols were undervalued in the light of Sir Felix Schuster's speech, is inclined to be less optimistic. The causes which brought about the rise in the rate of interest on capital are still operative, and until they are removed Consols are not likely to rise very much. The Indian Government has a loan ready to place on the market, and the supply of good securities seems likely to remain at least equal to the demand for some time. Australia is a large potential borrower within the next few years, being not only committed to various capital expenditures, but having to face the renewal of a few old loans. Of course, the renewal of loans does not entail the same demand on the capital market as a new loan, but there must necessarily be some disturbance, and the rate of interest will probably be raised somewhat on the loans issued at a lower price. Canada also has some loans maturing shortly. India will require

a considerable sum, for though prosperity means good Budgets, it shows the need for the development of the railways and provision of rolling-stock. Trade, as shown by the August returns is so active that money is likely to be dear until after the American harvests have been financed.

SOME GOVERNMENT STOCKS.

In the gilt-edged section the highest return on any stock guaranteed by the British Government is £3 13s. 9d. on Irish Land 3 per cent. stock. About 2s. per cent. more is given by India stocks, but for these India alone is responsible, though this provision is not worth so much as 2s. per cent. difference in the yield. On Colonial Government stocks yields of from 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 per cent. or more can be obtained, the higher yields depending on the obligation to repay the stocks on their maturity. Many of the loans were raised at 3 per cent. interest, and have consequently declined below par. They must therefore appreciate to par eventually. This provision secures stability of capital. South Australia Three per Cent. stock, which falls due in 1926, yields £4 3s. 6d. per cent. but its amount is small, and some difficulty might be encountered in trying to buy at its quoted price of 90. Many of the stocks in this market, however, return 4 per cent., and can be bought easily. They are all Trustee stocks. Some of the Canadian Provincial stocks are good investments. Quebec Three per Cent. Inscribed, maturing in 1937, yielding £4 6s. at its price of 84. In the foreign group Japanese issues seem to have dropped out of favor with investors. It is not often mentioned that the Japanese loans, though they may be paid off at various times, all have fixed dates by which they must be repaid. The cheapest issue at present is the 4 per cent. loan of 1905, which falls due in 1931, and returns £5 1s. per cent. The two 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. loans fall due in 1925, and yield £4 18s. 6d. per cent. These are secured on the Tobacco Monopoly, and as the Government is anxious to free this tax of the debt charge, it has started repaying the loans by purchasing the bonds. The price of this issue, therefore, is not likely to go much below par. The above yields allow for redemption at the end of the period.

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The statement in lieu of an interim dividend announcement by Cammell Laird & Co. is a great disappointment to those who may have bought the shares in the hope that the "Big Navy" policy would mean big profits for the concern. The troubles which led to the temporary loss of Admiralty work are well known, and, coupled with generally bad trade, they caused a loss of over £150,000 to be shown in 1908. In 1910, however, the accumulated deficiency was wiped off, and 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was paid on the Preference shares. Had there been no arrears or deficiency, an ordinary dividend of about 13 per cent. could have been paid. The 1911 figures, however, were less satisfactory, profits being nearly £100,000 lower, and after paying 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Preference shares, £35,770 was carried forward. Of this 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. (which left the Preference dividend then eighteen months in arrears), 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. was paid as an interim dividend in October. Now, however, it is announced that the directors will not pay any interim dividend on the Preference shares, so that unless they have become more conservative, it seems that the year's results so far have been even less satisfactory than those of last. The excuse put forward last year was lack of skilled labor at the new Tranmere Yard, and it was also stated that the Coventry Ordnance Works had not fulfilled anticipations. This year, of course, the coal strike has disorganised every industry, and Cammell Lairds have no doubt suffered. Bolchow, Vaughans, the big coal, iron, and engineering firm, have reduced their dividend to 5 per cent. this year after 6 per cent. in 1910 and 1911. Although trade is booming, and our iron and steel exports are going up, therefore it does not seem that capital is obtaining much benefit. Cammell Laird's £5 Preference shares now stand at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$, and at the end of the year will have 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ years' dividends accrued. Assuming the dividends to be met within the next two years, the yield is about 6 per cent. on the investment, which is not an excessive return in view of the position, though the price of 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ for the ordinary £5 shares indicates that in some quarters there is plenty of faith in the company's ability to resume ordinary dividends before many years have elapsed.

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